

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

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THE ERIE STRIKE AT SUSQUEHANNA, PENNSYLVANIA.—SCENE AT THE DEPOT.—SKETCHED BY HARRY A. OGDEN.—SEE PAGE 90.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, APRIL 18, 1874.

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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is the oldest established Illustrated newspaper in America.

We this week present No. 1 of Matt Morgan's series of "THE MODERN DANCE OF DEATH; A SERMON IN SIX CARTOONS." It represents Death and the Devil riding into a peaceful city, laden with rum, to spread ruin and desolation. The story need not be told in types when it is so strong from the pencil.

PARTIES—REPUBLICANISM.

THE election of General Grant to the Presidency in 1868, after a bloody and expensive war, was the natural result of nearly eighty years of political contest. It was a civil celebration of the victory of one great political idea over another, both of them as old as the nation. It was perhaps fitting and just that Federalism, which was inaugurated by one soldier—Washington—should find the type of its consummation in another soldier—Grant.

At Appomattox, Alexander Hamilton's principles were vindicated by force of arms. There, in the name of Union, after a political no less than a military war, men felt that there had come a physical defeat of anti-Federalism, of States Rights, of Henry, Hayne, Calhoun, Randolph and Stephens; and that the power of the Government to establish a national system of banking, and to regulate internal as well as foreign commerce, was determined.

That there had originally been opposition to the establishment of any Union, or strong government, at all, was known to those students of political history who read that in 1788 Virginia had adopted the Constitution by a vote of only 88 to 80, and New York by a vote of only 31 to 29. It was a small but important triumph of Federalism, and from that time until 1800, under the administrations of Washington and Adams, the Federal Party maintained a precarious power. Even then Washington's popularity alone preserved the integrity of the Union and the supremacy of the Federal Party, just as in after-days the Whig Party, its successor, was twice triumphant mainly through the popularity of Harrison and Taylor. And as in 1868 those statesmen who had upheld the war for the Union represented the Republican Party, so in 1789-1800, the champions of the Revolution were members of the Federal administration. Then, under the influence of the French Revolution and of hatred to an English form of government, rose the Democratic—then called Republican—Party, which was formed among the masses, and which was led by Jefferson and Burr. This party was inevitably successful, electing its Congress and its President; and from 1800 until 1823 it ruled the land. Federalism, the party of commerce, of money, of New England ideas, of conservative intelligence, and of newspapers, was politically dead. John Quincy Adams revived it, under the name of the Whig Party, but with Adams, Clay and Harrison on its tickets it continually failed. It had Clay for its greatest orator, and Webster for its profoundest statesman; but it seemed then, as it seems now, that the destiny of the party of highest learning is that it shall remain in progressive minority.

The last years of Jackson's administration were characterized by just such a plethora of currency and a wildness of speculation as were known during Grant's first term, and when Van Buren took the Democratic Presidency by a diminishing vote, the country was suffering from the financial panic of 1837. Then, at a time which saw the early struggles of Seward and Greeley, the Whig Party rose in the might of popular indignation and enthusiasm from a condition of minority, and gave the Presidency to General Harrison. After the death of Harrison, Vice-President Tyler, by going over to the Democrats, blocked the machinery of the Whig Party. Although Clay in 1844 received a popular majority, the electoral college of the States gave the Presidency to Polk.

The election of General Taylor in 1848 did not indicate Whig strength, but Taylor's available popularity. In 1852 the Anti-Slavery Party divided the North with the Whigs, and the Democrats marched into legitimate power. Federalism—Whigism—principles of paternal government remained; but there was no chance for victory. The Republican Party, a minority with ideas and sturdy enthusiasm, was rising in the West. It was not then Federal in its ambition, although it was des-

tined to gather under its banner the remnants of the Whig Party. It could not win. Even in 1860 Lincoln did not receive a majority of the popular vote; but only a majority of the votes of the electoral college, because the southern section of the Democratic Party was false to Douglas. The Republican Party went into power determined to be politic. It was committed to the purpose of preventing the extension of slavery; but in its methods it was disposed to lean towards Fillmoreism rather than towards Garrisonism. It was by no means hot-headed or aggressive. Even when the South persisted in turning the platform of Breckinridge into a platform of Secession, and the timid ears of the Whig Seward were startled by the outbreak of war, the policy of the Republican administration was to temporize. But the firm genius of the Dantonian Stanton, aided by the keen cynicism of Thad Stevens and the consistency of radical journalists, made the Government strong. Suddenly it assumed the habit and proportions of Federalism.

In 1869, when Grant took the place of Washington, the Republican Party knew no purpose and no power of which it could say it was not master. It had defeated everything the Democratic Party had ever done or ever proposed. It had a banking and treasury system more powerful than any which Hamilton would have dared to contemplate, or which Jackson would have ascribed to the untried dreams of Nicholas Biddle. It had physical possession of the entire South, and political possession of the entire North. It had practical politicians, eloquent orators, great financiers, magnificent journalists. The Republican Party was the United States of America. It gave its possessions into the political keeping of its successful soldier; and he took them.

The Republican Party might have improved on the policy of the war, and have busied itself with great questions of national progress, or it might have studied the policy of its predecessors as the radical Jefferson and Madison did. It did nothing but compensate its party-workers and become Butlerized. For lack of ability to control abundant success it has failed in its banking and currency policy, and finds itself the possessor of a North and a South over which there is rolling a more devastating panic than that which ruined the suave Van Buren. Where we once had a Hamilton, a Dallas, a Walker and a Chase, we have a Richardson, who confesses that he knows nothing of his office. In the office once honored by Jefferson, Marshall, Livingston, Clay, Everett and Webster, sits that chronic nobody, Hamilton Fish, whose greatest achievement is that he has made Butcher Burriel a Field Marshal of Spain. For the legal wisdom and eloquence of Edmund Randolph, of Wirt, of Crittenden, of Cushing and of Johnson, we are compelled to accept the petty inanity of a Williams, who has never achieved anything. In the year 1876, Fish, Richardson and Williams will be defeated, and Federalism be reduced to a minority. It seems a pity that the party which in 1868 had so much should now be able to show nothing.

DON CARLOS.

THE Carlist conspiracy, which has existed chronically in Spain ever since 1833, originated in the change of succession by which the Salic law was set aside in order that Isabella II. might assume the throne left vacant by the death of Ferdinand VII. The original Don Carlos, who was the brother of the dead King Ferdinand, was, according to law and precedent, the real heir to the throne. The influence of Christina, the intriguing consort of Ferdinand and the mother of Isabella, was, however, sufficient to induce her husband to issue a decree setting aside the law which forbade a woman to sit on the throne of Spain. On the death of the King, Don Carlos at once appealed to arms, and, although after a struggle of six years the armies of the Regent Christina, under the skillful leadership of Espartero, crushed the insurrection, it has been steadily renewed, whenever an opportunity offered, by the partisans of the Carlist cause.

With the dethronement of Isabella, the Carlist insurrection, as was inevitable, broke out afresh, and has ever since maintained a varying activity. Neither the provisional government of Prim, the monarchy of Amadeo, nor the numerous Republican administrations which succeeded the Savoyard King, have been able to suppress it. Of late it has gained many and marked successes. Almost the entire northern part of Spain, and part of the eastern region bordering on the Pyrenees, are in the hands of the Carlists. Not many weeks since the young prince who is now the representative of Carlism, and the fourth Don Carlos who has claimed the Spanish throne, laid siege, at the head of a numerous army, to the ancient city of Bilbao, and announced that in the event of its capture he would cause himself to be crowned King of Spain, and would march upon Madrid. The danger to the Republic is great that Serrano himself assumed command of every available regiment and marched to the relief of Bilbao. As yet he has not succeeded in raising the siege; and, although the news received from either of the contending parties must be taken with many

grains of allowance, the weight of evidence goes to show that Serrano has met with a severe repulse in his attack upon the Carlist lines, even if he has not been totally defeated. The interest which now centres around Bilbao is greater than any recent political event in Spain has aroused, for, should Don Carlos definitely overthrow Serrano's army, there will be nothing left to oppose his march to Madrid, and his assumption of the crown for which the Carlists have struggled for so many years.

The sympathies of all liberal men are with the Republic, and against Don Carlos. However plain it may be that the Republic is merely a name, and that the real Government of Spain is the irresponsible dictatorship of a successful general who rules in the name of the Commonwealth, precisely as Narvaez or O'Donnell or Bravo ruled in the name of Isabella, it is taken for granted that Don Carlos represents an absolutism that is far worse than even the stupid tyranny of the late Queen. But, after all, facts hardly justify this conclusion: and it is quite possible that Don Carlos may be, all things considered, the best ruler whom Spain can accept.

It needs very little reflection to show that he cannot be a worse ruler than was Queen Isabella. He is young, brave and intelligent; while she was dull, and dissolute. He is currently thought to be a bigoted tool of the priesthood; but he cannot be more grossly superstitious than was the woman who atoned for the open immorality of her life by yielding blind obedience to the nun Patrocinio. He is, of course, the representative of the old theory of the divine right of kings; but Isabella believed with equal sincerity that she was the divinely appointed ruler of Spain. Let us grant that when Don Carlos becomes King Charles VII. he will rule with the narrow severity of a conscientious tyrant. At least such a rule will be no worse in point of tyranny than was that of the successive military adventurers who ruled in Isabella's name, while it will possess the very great advantage of having a definite and coherent policy. The whole question is merely the choice between the tyranny of a dull and weak female bigot, or that of an intelligent and strong-willed male bigot. It is certainly hardly possible to suppose that Spain can be in any worse condition under the gallant young soldier who is now fighting for a crown than she was under the miserable woman who for so many years was the puppet of ambitious soldiers of fortune.

And we should remember, too, that Carlism has not been exempt from the influences of the age. There was a time when Christina represented something that might have been called free government, in comparison with the rule of the Inquisition, of which Don Carlos, a gloomy and ignorant fanatic, was the champion. But the present Don Carlos is an educated gentleman: a man who has shown during the present struggle that he is both brave and humane. It is possible that as a king he would compare very favorably with his brother monarchs of the Catholic faith, and that he would give to the Spaniards quite as much freedom as they are capable of using to their own advantage.

For it is impossible to deny that the incapacity of the Spaniards to govern themselves has been signally demonstrated. Even the constitutional monarchy of Amadeo was far in advance of the people who rejected it. Unless Spain is to be permanently given over to anarchy she must be ruled by a strong and untrammelled government. The Republic is obviously doomed to a speedy death, and the sooner it dies the sooner will we see the end of the civil war which has existed ever since its proclamation. Spain will then be shut up to a choice between the illegitimate boy who is the accepted heir of Isabella and the young Don Carlos. The latter is certainly much better adapted to give peace to the country than is the former; and it is quite time that Americans should rid themselves of their traditional prejudices against Carlism, and recognize that the success of the Carlist arms will be the probable rescue of Spain from bloody and exhaustive anarchy.

TRANSCENDENTAL POLITICS.

IF one were to make an approximate calculation of the uses of taxes, it would be found that during the last twenty-five years in New York City about two-fifths of the public moneys have gone to the politicians. That is, if two and one-half per cent. were assessed on taxable property, about one per cent. went unjustly to the compensation of the members and allies of the party in power. Not only is money required to carry regular elections, but those who control the machine, or those who surrender their preferences "for the good of the party," must be paid in hard cash. And where a Democratic Party in the Legislature is divided into two factions about measures of local importance, a portion of the Republican Party must be purchased by that faction of the Democrats which can make the highest bid. This accounts for Republicans being found in city Boards of Commissioners under Democratic rule. After much study of the subject, we are convinced that, as we say above, the ordinary rate of political taxation is about one per cent., or in New York City, an average of two-fifths on the regular levy.

That rate need not be quite so high if prominent merchants, who complain about the grabbings of Sanborn and Jayne, did not hire some official to get their assessments reduced, or taken off the tax-books altogether.

These practices are usual all over the country. We do not know exactly what Chicago or St Louis or Washington has to tax for parties and politicians, but our general theory holds good that the average rate is two-fifths of the whole taxation. If everybody was strictly moral, New York, for instance, would generally be taxed at the rate of one and a half per cent. But everybody is not moral, either in New York or in South Carolina, and we have notion that some of the outraged moral newspaper correspondents who criticise Governor Shepherd for public cement appropriations, themselves have, in their time, had their fingers in the tar. It is the same everywhere; but it was not always so; and need not be now. It is due to party corruption and to the dishonesty of leaders.

The remedy is coming. There is a class of people who prefer ability to party, and high-toned to machine morals; men who do not bother much with the ins and outs of politics. They say little; they have perhaps voted a Republican ticket; but they think much about "good men." This was the class which wanted Salmon P. Chase nominated by the Democratic Party, and Charles Francis Adams nominated by the Liberals. The local contest over Sumner's seat, which can be occupied less than a year, assumes national importance because this class is anxious to know what practical effect quiet moral agitation may have. This class has now no name, and in an immediate general election it might not win; but it is growing fast. It will blaze forth with spontaneous combustion. It cannot become enthusiastic over the party or the leaders who maintain Sanborn, Davis, Jayne, Davenport, Stokely, the South Carolina Legislature, and the Louisiana cane-hoeing politicians. It looks higher than archaic Fish, than wealthy Murphy, than grasping Tammany, and it will form a party of moral sentiment and incorruptible intelligence. We know it. Old John Brown would have said that he felt it "in his bones." Next Fall there will be men sent to Congress whose purpose, inspired by their constituents, will be to overturn the whole system of Custom House grabbings, of civil appointments, of evasion of taxes, and of municipal appropriations, and to substitute a simpler, a purer system, which, calling for men like Adams and Booth and Thurman and Lawrence, will make Tweeds unambitious and Jaynes impossible.

NOTES ON LATEST NEWS.

GOVERNMENT POLITICS.—From various sources, and especially in a dispatch from Washington to the New York *Sun*, we are informed that President Grant, having in view the enormities which are being practiced under the Customs and Internal Revenue Laws, has at last determined that he will accept friendship with the Western Republicans who are led by Morton and Logan, and with the Independent Conservative Party of the South. It is asserted that he will remodel his Cabinet and break with Messrs. Conkling and Butler. We do not see any signs of indication that the new and rising men who are beginning to assert themselves will either join the Grant movement or array themselves on the side of the commercial and manufacturing East; and we earnestly implore Newton Booth, Charles Francis Adams and Carl Schurz not to commit themselves to any faction.

CONGRESSIONAL FINANCE.—The Senate adjourned last week without reaching any conclusion concerning the Finance Bill. But its votes on amendments showed that the people need entertain no hopes of a speedy resumption of specie payments. The threatened division of the Republican Party into rival factions, and of the country into opposing commercial sections, has produced among the leaders of the Senate a desire to compromise. The impression at the close of the week's work was, that the Senate was largely in favor of a reissue of the "reserve," so as to fix the greenback circulation at \$400,000,000, but without any modification favoring a reduction or ultimate redemption. Meanwhile, the action of the Senate has had the effect in Wall Street of expanding loans to the amount of five millions; and the report comes from Washington that the President will neither veto the resolution legalizing the issue of four hundred millions of legal tenders nor that calling for four hundred millions of national bank notes.

ENGLAND.—The two great social questions which are agitating England were frankly referred to in the Queen's speech in the House of Lords. The Government has resolved to appoint a Commission to inquire into the relations between capital and labor. The laborers' party, led by Mr. Frederick Harrison, a radical Comtean writer of the *Fortnightly Review*, has been agitating against the Master and Servant Act; the Act making crimes out of the outrages of trades-unions against employers, and the Act declaring conspiracies amongst workingmen to be punishable under the criminal law. Now that a Government inquiry is instituted, the trades-unions are alarmed, and Mr. Harrison will be compelled to modify his article on "The

Conservative Reaction," in which he attacks the Liberal Party. The inquiry is not likely to benefit the trades-unionists, against whom employers were recently compelled to organize. . . . The Government has also undertaken the control of a Bill to simplify transfers of land. This of course, will not affect the question of ownership. But the expenses attending sales of land are so great as to be a burden both to holders and to purchasers, and this evil the Bill promises to remedy.

FRANCE.—The recent speech of the young Prince Napoleon, at Chiselhurst, on his eighteenth birthday, has produced much commotion among both the political speculators and the people of France. In throwing himself moderately upon the *plébiscite* he has made an impression that gives strength to the prophecy of M. Thiers that the Assembly displaced him to make room for the Empire. And the last foreign mail, amplifying recent dispatches, gives us the news that the Monarchs have deserted the political field, leaving France to a contest between the Empire and the Republic. The Monarchs, by proposing to fix the age of majority for voters at twenty-five years instead of twenty-one, thus depriving three millions of people of the electoral franchise, have virtually killed their cause. The MacMahon-Brogue Republic is far from being popular. Recent publications concerning the Government of the 4th of September have excited the fickle French mind; and President Mac-Mahon having fixed the term of his Government at seven years, in the face of a people who wished nothing to be fixed, has created much dissatisfaction. It is popularly believed, notwithstanding Mac-Mahon's determination to remain in power seven years, that he is opening the door to the Monarchy. Meanwhile the youthfulness of Prince Louis, the grace that hangs about his mother, Eugénie, exiled romantically across the English Channel, and above all, the charm and sentiment in the name of Napoleon, are powerful instruments towards the restoration of the Napoleonic dynasty. The Assembly has determined not to vote on the name of the Government; and the people will probably decide for themselves that it shall be called the Empire.

EDITORIAL TOPICS.

MR. GLADSTONE consents to lead the English Opposition to the Disraeli Government. Mr. Lowe is unwilling any longer to follow him.

A CHICAGO live stock paper has been sued for libeling an old cow, and the Detroit *Free Press* has been sued for libeling Senator Chandler.

CALIFORNIA Democrats are trying to win back those of their fellows who joined Governor Booth. They will persist that the independent, anti-monopoly movement is a failure.

GEORGIA has 34 cotton mills, within two of as many as New Hampshire; North Carolina has 33, six more than New Jersey; Alabama has 13, South Carolina 12, and Virginia 11.

HON. JOHN FORSYTH, after many business difficulties, has regained possession of his old paper, the *Mobile Register*. The *Register* is an able exponent of modern Southern civilization.

GOVERNOR THOMAS A. HENDRICKS, of Indiana, the ablest Democrat, by all odds, in the country, says in a speech before a trade association at Indianapolis that a city government ought not to be controlled by party considerations.

AT the bottom of a Pittston mine, imbedded in a great piece of coal, a copper whistle has been found by a miner. It is said to be ages old, and was probably used to celebrate Democratic victories when they formerly occurred in Pennsylvania.

M. RAMBAUD, in a new book entitled "Germany under Napoleon I." says that the Germans sympathized with Napoleon's early system of Continental policy. They would have been Napoleonized, but for the Emperor's after selfish measures.

NOW THAT THE BUTCHER Burriel has been made a Field Marshal by the Spanish Republic, for killing Americans, we hope that those crocodilians who have been shedding sweet tears of sympathy with the aforesaid Spanish Republic will stop crying.

PROPERTY in Central Kentucky has depreciated so greatly that investors are buying at what they consider minimum prices. The reason for the lowness of the investment is that the moneyed people are afraid of railroad stocks and loan associations.

CALIFORNIA coast waters abound with sardines, and the land is green with olive-trees; but for want of olive-oil, in which to preserve the fish, California people eat sardines from the Mediterranean Sea. California is Paradise Regained; but it needs capital and factories.

THE English Government has an elephant on its hands—the Ashantee country. To leave the Ashantees at liberty insures future trouble with them, and they must be made as obnoxious to one another as possible. How shall that be done? Only by sending them a parcel of carpetbaggers.

GENERAL AMBROSE BURNSIDE, he who was popular and unlucky as a soldier, and whose greatest achievement in life was to give a name to a style of whiskers, is a candidate for the United States Senatorship from Rhode Island in place of William B. Sprague. Yet, we hope that Sprague will be re-elected.

THE Savannah (Ga.) *Republican* was begun in 1804; and it was once a power among the plantations of the South. When General Sherman reached the sea, he revived the *Republican* and put John L. Hays, a Boston photographer and a war correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, in charge of it. Hays was hurt by some carpetbaggers, and he died. The *Advertiser* of the same city became

joined with it, and promised success. But the twin paper has died. Indeed, the South is not rich enough to purchase many papers, or to do much advertising. It reads weeklies, and some of the best New York journals circulate extensively. It is strange that the latter do not give more attention to the Great South.

THE Malays have succeeded in raising a white morning-glory, with queer streaks in the calyx, which, during one day, have three colors—pale blue in the morning, rich purple at noon, and a light pink at evening. There is nothing to equal this phenomenon of change of color, unless it is an "independent" editor.

DUDLEY S. GREGORY, of Jersey, who suggested the idea of postal currency to the Treasury, never contemplated that the new ten-cent stamps should so closely resemble the fifty-cent ones. The new issues are unhandy. Poor people do not readily distinguish them, and no careless man would refuse to take a ten for a fifty in change.

A GRANGE at Little Rock, Ark., has guaranteed a capital of \$10,000 toward the establishment of a cotton factory. Other Granges in Arkansas have determined to establish wagon, plow, wooden and hardware factories. How Horace Greeley, upon reading this news, would have flung his old slouch hat into the air and hurrahed!

COLONEL TOM SCOTT is pushing his Texas and Pacific Railroad strongly. Although a Governor of Texas was elected over a candidate who was supposed to be an ally of Colonel Scott, the people of California are calling the latter the greatest man in the country. His proposed railway route is certainly the best one that has been selected.

SOME one said, years ago, that newspapers, in time, would do away with all other publications except text-books. The New York *Tribune*, with its scientific lecture numbers, seems to be over fulfilling the prophecy. Among the poor people it is obviating the necessity for scientific text-books, and is an apostle of compulsory education.

THE Democratic State Committee of Missouri has issued a circular, in which it says that the "Old Guard" ought to organize in order to take possession of the National Government. If we understand anything of the "Old Guard" of Missouri, it was somewhat disabled about the year 1863 by a number of men who carried muskets. It ought to form a new guard.

NEBRASKA people are now planting millions of trees. There is an annual holiday, called Arbor Day, which is observed this year on the second Wednesday in April. On that day each landowner is expected to plant at least one tree; and last year the State Board of Agriculture awarded a premium to a farmer who planted 27,800 trees. That man was a public benefactor.

BISHOP BUTLER once startled his secretary by asking, "Why might not large bodies of men and whole communities be seized with fits of insanity, as well as individuals?" If the good old writer had lived in our days he would have seen a mass of people engaged in trying to make money out of paper-rags, and if he had been a punster he would have called them money-maniacs.

LABOR in the South is very uncertain, and the cost of raising cotton is so great that only meagre profits are made on sales. Cotton-lands are highly taxed for the support of the misbegotten State governments, and Southerners are wellnigh discouraged. The South is now in the social and commercial position in which she would have been in 1789 if the Constitution had forbidden slavery. She is making up for lost time slowly.

EX-SENATOR POMEROY's trial for bribery in Kansas is soon to be called; but it is likely that because the presiding justice has expressed an opinion in the case, a change of venue will be ordered, and the case will go over until Autumn. There are so many secrets to be unearthed in a trial of that kind, that the Kansas politicians will endeavor to stave it off altogether. It is Pomeroy's party that is now on trial all over the country.

THE Chicago journals are discussing the problem whether Chicago's lake frontage does not fit her for being a great manufacturing centre. We never heard of a country village that was not eternally discussing something of this kind. New Orleans, San Francisco, St. Louis—all are discussing what they might be if they only were. Chicago, like many other places, is a great frontage centre; but as a manufacturing centre it will be a failure until it gets manufactures.

COMMISSIONER OF PUBLIC WORKS GEORGE M. VAN NORT, of New York, threatens that because he cannot have his own way he will resign his office. The office is the most important one in New York City, but Mr. Van Nort is by no means so important a person that he ought to be requested to remain. The only political effect of his leaving the office would be that Mayor Havemeyer would not be certain to appoint a Republican in his place; and Mr. Van Nort is most of the time a Republican.

THE trial of Sanborn in the United States Court resulted in an order of acquittal by Judge Benedict on the ground that there was a contract with the Government to do Sanborn's work, which was alleged to be fraudulent, but that the indictment did not allege that the contract was illegal and obtained by false representations. District Attorney Tenney is a wholsome, patriotic and brave young man from Vermont, but good intentions and a round voice do not always make discreet technical distinctions.

WHEN the average small Custom House Bohemian of New York was paying assiduous attention to Senator John P. Jones, the rich, robust young miner from Nevada, he was wise enough not to tell all that he thought or knew. It would have been surprising if the successor of James W. Nye did not possess something besides seven millions of dollars. He has made a financial speech which has placed him in the front rank of Senators. He was neither afraid of the haughty Morton nor defeated by him. He made a great hit when, in reply to Morton's vindictive remark that the Pacific States in refusing

joined with it, and promised success. But the twin paper has died. Indeed, the South is not rich enough to purchase many papers, or to do much advertising. It reads weeklies, and some of the best New York journals circulate extensively. It is strange that the latter do not give more attention to the Great South.

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SAN FRANCISCO having for several years been agitated by a real estate excitement, now wonders whether the end is coming. Land ceases to be sold, but houses continue to be erected. Meanwhile statistics of banking show that moneyed institutions are loaning extensively on bond and mortgage, and that, therefore, there is extensive credit behind the houses that rise on the sand hills. But immigration is pouring in. The real question with San Francisco really should be, Does the *business* of the city justify its speculative growth?

ST. LOUIS is the third city in size in the United States. As Chicago is the representative American city, so St. Louis is the great American railway station. St. Louis is not a religious city. It is a sort of Franco-German boulevard where Strauss and Gambetta furnish ideas, and the meerschaum and cigarette waft incense into the soft sub-tropical air. In 1870 St. Louis had a population of 312,000; now it counts its numbers at 430,000. Over 7,000 men are employed in heavy manufacturing, representing a family population of about 40,000. Her trade is with the Southwest, and principally with Texas. St. Louis, which was once isolated, is stretching out her business antennae to all portions of the land.

IN regard to the Sanborn contracts, Secretary of the Treasury Richardson one day last week said that he was opposed to moiety legislation, because it was treasury business out of the hands of the Government; that Solicitor Banfield appointed detectives; that he himself could not know about all the affairs of his office; that he did not know anything about the law under which the appointments were made; and, in fact, that the affairs of the Treasury were managed by the Solicitor. Here was a great Government effort being put forth, and involving a mighty fraud; yet the chief officer under whose department the effort was made knew nothing of the law, the persons or their actions. General Grant as a selector of Secretaries is not a success.

ONLY a little while ago an *Atlantic* writer was telling us that the California Indian originally came from China. Now, M. Charles Wiener in a "History of the Ancient Empire of Peru," thinks that all the American Indians were descended immediately from the Asiatic races—Hindoo, Hindoo-Chinese and Mongolian. While Humboldt considered that the Empire of the Incas resembled in its social habits a huge monastic establishment, M. Wiener thinks, in the same strain, that the social machinery of the old Peruvians was simply communism strictly applied; and he adds that so deplorable are communistic principles that the Peruvians were an easy prey to a handful of foreigners. Does M. Wiener insinuate that the Prussians were "a handful of foreigners"?

A SENSIBLE writer in the Louisville *Courier-Journal* says that the loss of Alsace-Lorraine by France is destined to plunge Europe into war. The preparation of one nation is a cause for like preparation by another. All fear the power of an ambitious minister and such an army as Prussia has at her command. If peace is granted for a few years, the number and equipments of armies in Europe will surpass anything in past history. Italy will have an army greater than she has had for centuries and better disciplined. If they regain any of their old valor and genius for war they will cut no mean figure in European affairs. Twenty-four millions of people are not a small power when infused with a new national life and moved by a skillful hand. There are no people of Europe who have shown greater military talent and more valor than they, nor can any show more intensity of purpose or indomitable energy.

SIR HENRY THOMPSON's efforts to introduce a

system of cremation are meeting with sympathy

from many people. It is asserted that a body can be

put into a casket and into a white-heated furnace,

and that in forty minutes, and while the ceremonies

are performing, it will be reduced to a few ounces

of dry, odorless white ashes. Sentimental people

who wish their friends to be burned up in this world

may find consolation in having a dear departed to

put away in a locket or a pigeon-hole. This

would be showing better taste than that displayed

by the modern Greeks, who unearth Venuses and

Marses only to make plaster of them. But think

of a dear departed getting lost without any name

on his little label; of a servant going into a library

and taking out a package of Ben Butler to polish

tin pans with; of a couple of ounces of Boss Sheep

he'd been accidentally transferred to the "pearl

white powder" box; of a tablespoonful of Pinch-

back being mistakenly used for whitewash!

CONGRESSMAN WILLIAM WALTER PHELPS, of New Jersey, having recently made some funny speeches, has now made a sober one on the finances, advocating a resumption of a gold basis. Coming from a man who was left an independent fortune, and who had the skill to double it, the speech of this railway lawyer is bristling with bright points and full of commercial history. We rather like his way of saying: "Wall Street and Beacon Street and Chestnut Street may escape; the farm and the workshop, never. Therefore I urge to-day the resumption of specie payments in the name of the farmer and mechanic. I ask a sound currency for those whose plows rust in the furrow; for those who darken the streets of Paterson with their patient waiting. I speak for my own people. And let no man smile that I speak for those whose wants I best know and most feel; I speak for them, not to them. Shall I tell them of sufferings they have felt? Shall I point them to the silent forge, and spindle and loom? They have lived and moved among them all this dreary Winter, as men can live and move even among the silent monuments of departed life. They ask for a sound currency; as their representative, I speak for it in their name. They have waited, they

are still waiting, with patience. So far they have asked for bread, and their Government has given them a stone; they have asked for money, their Government has given them a rag." Shall Mr. Phelps succeed Senator Stockton, if the next New Jersey Legislature is Republican?

GENERAL JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON, a brave Confederate soldier, has written a history of the Civil War. He explains that the Confederates did not advance upon Washington, after the battle of Bull Run, because they had no effective cavalry. The Southern troops, he thinks, had greater zeal; the Northern troops, after a while, had better discipline. He believes that the South, instead of issuing paper money, ought to have sold cotton to Europe for real money, which would have given the Confederacy a full treasury, superior in all respects to that of the Federal Government. With this money, says the General, five hundred thousand zealous troops, fully equipped, could have prevented Northern success. Want of money sent the Confederate soldier home to his starving family. In his criticisms on Northern military tactics, General Johnston pays an indirect compliment to General McClellan; for he says that the disasters attending the Northern armies at the outset of the war were due to a policy of aggression, and that both armies should have undertaken a policy of defense. In which latter assertion there are involved grave doubts. Richmond was the keyhole of the Confederacy. Its capture decided the fate of the war in 1865. Its capture would have decided the war in 1861.

STRANGE DISCOVERIES.

CALIFORNIA RELICS OF A FORGOTTEN AGE.

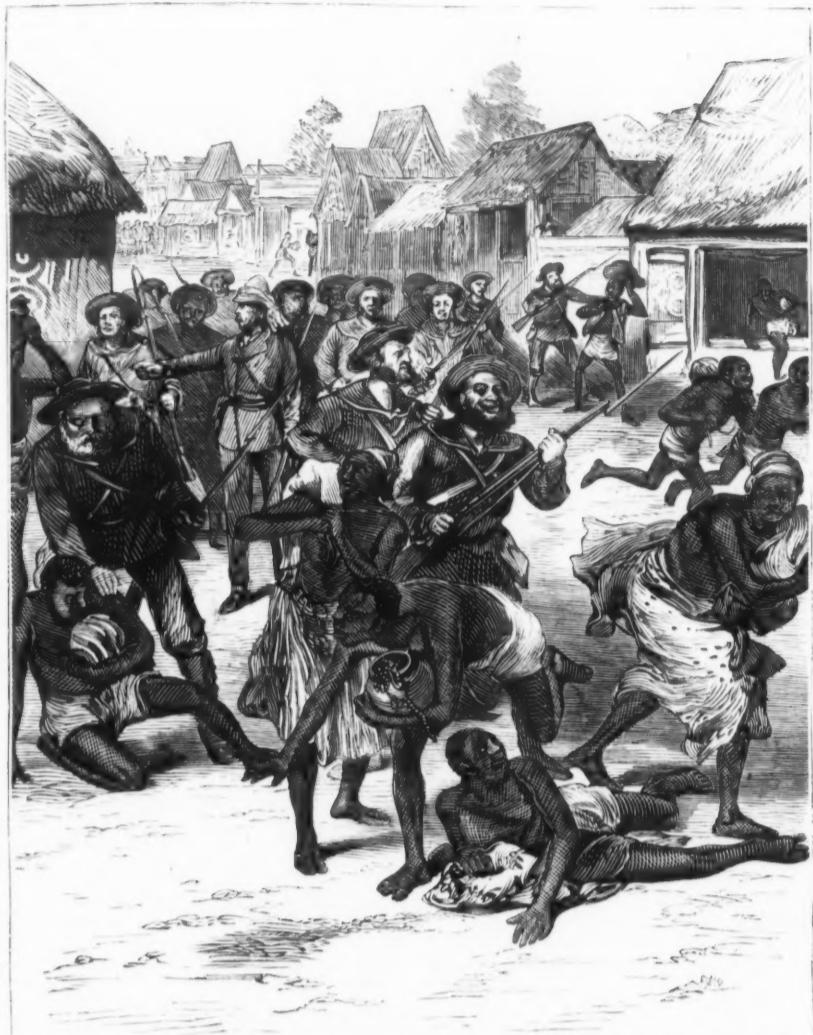
LITTLE BUTTE BASIN is about three-quarters of a mile in width either way, and is capped by a bed of marl, supposed, from the explorations made, to be at least 200 feet in depth, and which is evidently not of primary formation. The claim will not exceed twenty feet at the deepest point. There have been mortars and pestles found, and they are continually being found, underneath the banks as they are washed away. Those ancient relics contained no carvings at all. Near where the mortars and pestles were found the remains of a camp-fire were plainly visible. The charred brands, the unburned coals and the ashes had more the appearance of being the remains of a fire but recently built and extinguished, than of one actually kindled in the early ages of the world. That the relics of a fire of a certainly very remote ancient period should have been so intact preserved in such entirety of freshness is astonishingly remarkable. In near proximity to the old camp-fire there were six excavations, or "pot holes," as they are commonly called, in the marl, some four feet in depth, and five or six feet across the surface, the holes being in funnel form and perfectly similar in regard to size, and with particular exactness as to the distance each one from the other. A piece of petrified wood—evidently older—was found near this locality, as was also a portion of petrified bark. A number of years since a company of miners while sluicing near the centre of the basin, where the ground was ten feet deep, uncovered a large quantity of mortars, pestles, and numerous other Indian trinkets, together with four pipes constructed of gray slate, eighteen inches in length, two inches in diameter at the centre, and flaring at each end—both extremities being formed exactly like the butt end of a common tin horn. The pipes were tastefully polished both externally and internally. The drilling of the cavity was evidently done with an instrument not of sufficient length to perform the entire work from one end, as it was plainly to be observed that the pipes were drilled from either end, as the uneven condition of the inside work at the centre clearly indicated. These pipes were long kept in this place as curiosities, and frequently shown to different Indians, that the use for which they were constructed might be ascertained; but the present race of Indians being as ignorant of the purpose of the manufacturing of these singular antiquarian relics as were the whites, no light on the object of the use for which they were made could be obtained.

In mining out a portion of the ranch of the late Isaac Trip several years ago, many ancient relics were unearthed similar to those already mentioned. In a bank of twenty feet in depth mortars, pestles, arrow-heads and human bones were found from within two feet of the surface to the very extreme bottom. The skeletons on and near the marl were not as perfectly preserved as those nearer the surface, but they had the appearance of belonging to a giant race, as the frames were much larger than those of the present inhabitants. The trunk of a black oak tree was found about midway between the top and bottom of one of the banks, and which was in a perfect state of preservation. It was cut into stove-wood, and proved to be of the most inflammable nature, burning with the intensity that wood perfectly saturated with oil would burn; and what seemed most remarkable about the peculiar qualities of the timber was the slow manner in which it was consumed by the fire. The earth overlying the marl of the basin has a singular and diversified appearance. The banks as they are washed away by the miners show stratified formations of a very numerous and interesting character, and each strata seem to be composed of substances wholly dissimilar from the others, which would indicate that they were separately formed in different epochs, and that the materials composing them came from different sources. The evidence that the country was inhabited by a race of people previous to the formation of any earth over the marl is perfectly conclusive. The excavations in the marl some have thought, and some still think, were caused by the action of water; but the most reasonable theory is that they were the work of the ancient inhabitants—perhaps they were the basements of the huts in which the people lived—such is the general belief of those who have given the subject the most thought and attention, as the "pot holes" are only to be seen in the vicinity where the mortars, pestles and other relics of antiquity are found.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—See Page 87



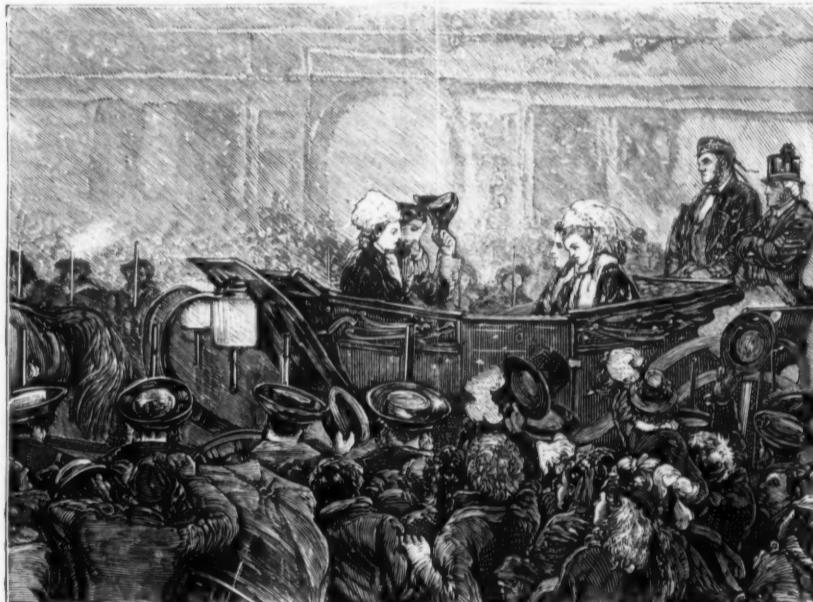
ENGLAND.—THE DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH'S FIRST VIEW OF WINDSOR CASTLE FROM THE STATE RAILWAY CARRIAGE.



ASHANTEE WAR.—THE ENGLISH NAVAL BRIGADE CHASING ASHANTEE FUGITIVES THROUGH THE STREETS OF COOMASSIE.



PARIS.—PICTURE-SALE AT THE HOTEL DROUOT.



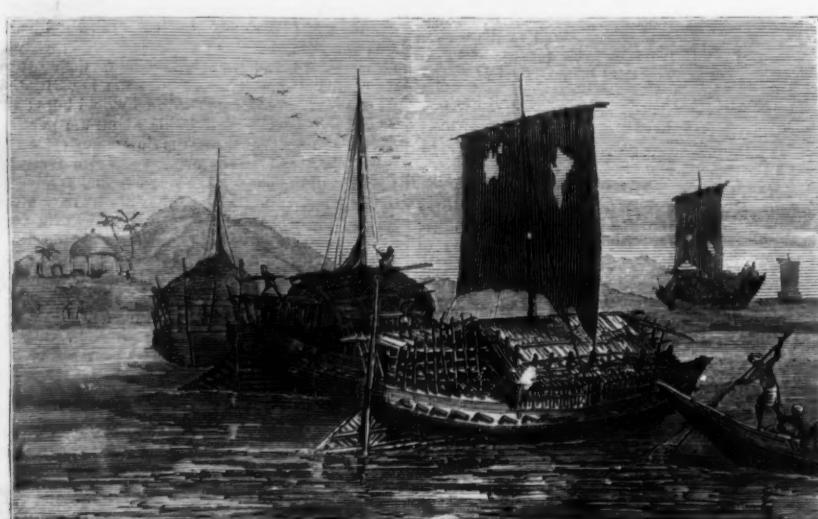
ENGLAND.—THE ROYAL ENTRY INTO LONDON—THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH PASSING THE ADMIRALTY.



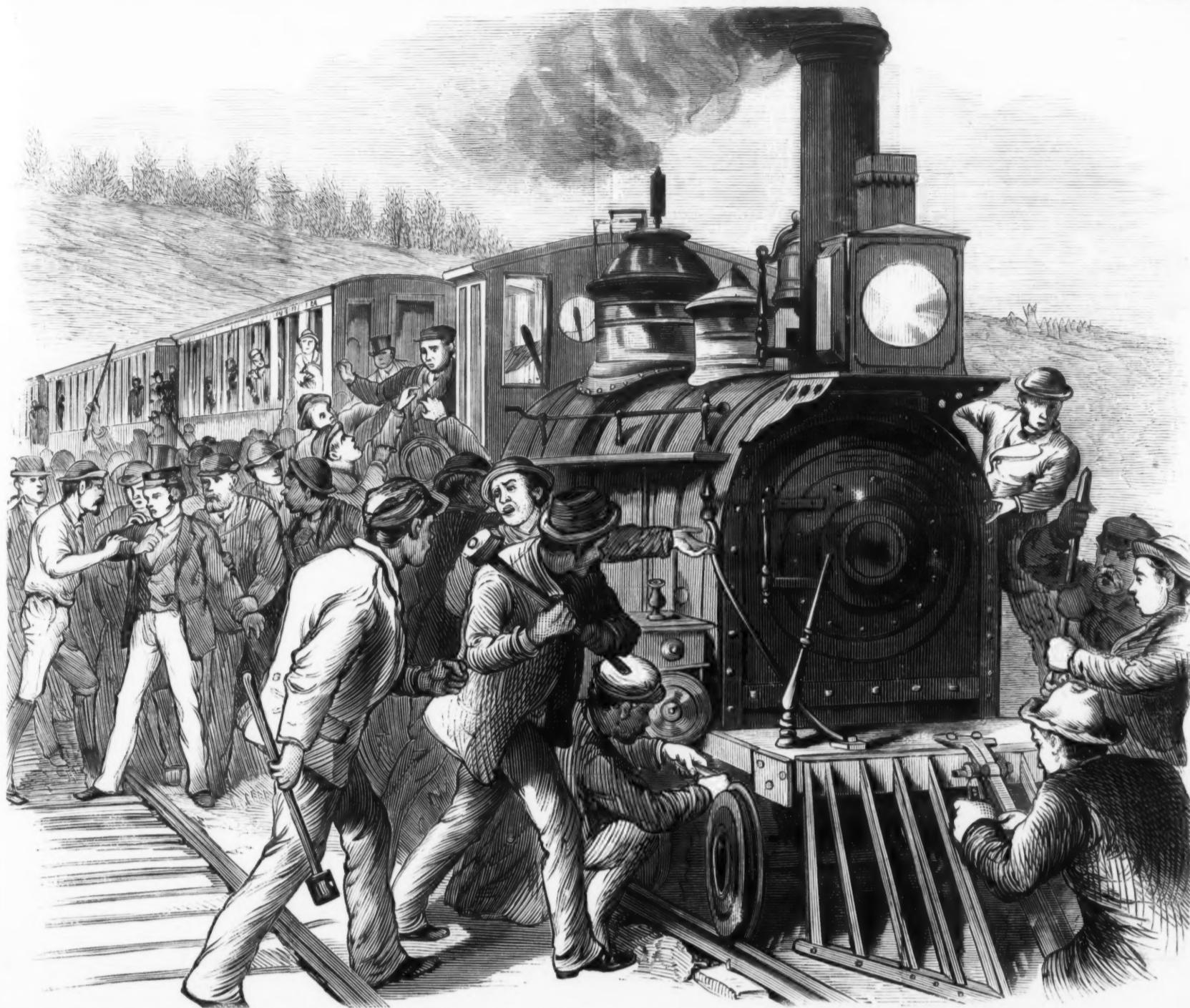
THE ASHANTEE WAR.—SUTAH, A CAPTURED VILLAGE.



ENGLAND.—THE DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH'S RECEPTION AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.



INDIA.—THE BENGAL FAMINE—GRAIN-BOAT ON THE GANGES.



THE ERIE STRIKE AT SUSQUEHANNA, PENNSYLVANIA.—THE STRIKERS STOPPING AN EXPRESS TRAIN.—SKETCHED BY HARRY A. OGDEN.—SEE PAGE 90.



SERVICE OF SILVER PRESENTED TO CAPTAIN URQUHART, OF THE SHIP "TIR MOUNTAIN," BY SURVIVORS OF THE "VILLE DU HAVRE" DISASTER.—MANUFACTURED BY TIFFANY & CO.—SEE PAGE 90.

CAPRI.

THERE is an isle, kissed by a smiling sea,
Where all sweet confluents meet : a thing of
heaven,
A spent aérolite, that well may be
The missing sister of the starry Seven
Celestial beauty nestles at its knee.
And in its lap is naught of earthly leaven
'Tis gift and crowned with loveliness ; its year,
External Summer ; Winter comes not near.

'Tis small, as things of beauty oftentimes are,
And in a morning round it you may row,
Nor need a tedious haste your bark debar
From gliding inwards where the ripples flow
Into strange grots whose roofs are azure spars,
Whose pavements liquid silver. Mild winds blow
Around your prow, and at your keel the foam,
All gladly sporting, freshly waits you home.

* * * * *

Terrace and slope from shore to summit show
Of all rich climes the glad-surrendered spoil.—
Here the bright olive's phantom branches glow,
There the plump fig sucks sweetness from the soil.
'Midst odorous flowers that through the Zodiac blow,
Returning tenfold to man's leisured toil,
Hesperia's fruit hangs golden. High in air,
The vine runs riot, spurning human care.

And flowers of every hue and breath abound,
Charming the sense ; the burning cactus glows,
Like daisies elsewhere dappled all the ground,
And in each cleft the berried myrtle blows.
The playful lizard glides and darts around,
The elfin fireflies flicker o'er the rows
Of ripened grain. Alas to pain and wrong,
Men fill the days with dance, and nights with song.

THE CURSE OF CAERGWYN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARJORIE'S TRIALS,"
"IVY'S PROBATION," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III. (CONTINUED.)

DAVID—his first effervescence worked off—he began to be conscious of the unresponsive chill of his listener's manner. The consciousness only stimulated him to greater efforts of eulogy—he had surely failed in some way duly to set forth Vyvyan's virtues. He enthroned his prince on still higher pedestals, but all in vain; and for the first time in their acquaintanceship these two fell slightly out of harmony with each other.

It was while he was struggling in a sort of uneasy bewilderment against this uncomfortable atmosphere that David missed his more material landmarks; and by-and-by, when the transient cloud had cleared away, and Lilius and he, with a new subject of conversation, and Vyvyan left aside, had floated back into the old accord, David discovered that they had taken the wrong road, and must retrace their steps to gain the point at which they had originally intended to aim. Thus it happened that the ride was prolonged beyond its projected limits, and the bright afternoon was well on its way when Little Caergwyn was still in the distance. Not that it mattered much; it had been a glorious day—all save that slight shadow at the beginning, which David had well-nigh forgotten; it was just one more beautiful strophe of the lovely poem of life.

And then young Owen of Pentmawr rode up and spoilt it all.

He was a fine young fellow, half a dozen years older than David, and he looked remarkably well in the militia uniform he wore—he was returning from practice with his regiment. He lifted his cap to Lilius, and nodded familiarly to young Caergwyn as he requested, in lowered tones, an introduction to the young lady—after which he pushed his horse between the chestnut and the stone wall, and rode along by Lilius's side, all with an assurance which David resented in his secret soul.

"You ride a great deal, Miss D'Este," said he. "That beautiful little chestnut of yours has frequently excited my admiration."

Lilius smiled—her horse was a weakness of hers, and young Owen had found a sure road to her favor by praising it.

"I assure you I break the tenth commandment whenever I see him," Owen, perceiving his advantage, went on, as he leant forward and patted Beauty's shining neck. "He's a splendid animal—would make a first rate hunter. Have you ever hunted, Miss D'Este?"

"Once," said she, "and then it was not exactly of my own accord."

"No?"

"It was Beauty's affair, I think I may say, entirely," said Lilius; "he ran away with me after the hounds. But it was a sensation to be remembred. Since then I have always felt that I knew what flying meant."

"Ran away with you—capital!" laughed young Owen.

David thought he had never heard such a disagreeable laugh in his life.

"And so you were in at the death?"

"No, the poor thing got away."

"And you lost the brush! What a disappointment!"

"On the contrary, I was delighted," corrected Lilius—"my sympathies were all with the poor fox."

"You fair philanthropists are inconsistent," retorted Owen, with what David considered detestable flippancy. "You enjoy the pleasure of hunting whilst you weep over the hunted."

Thus challenged, Lilius warmly defended herself and her sisters, whilst Owen betrayed an admiration of the animated speaker which provoked David to action.

"My horse has loosened a shoe," said he suddenly; "there is a blacksmith's forge below here in the lane. Do you mind riding back?"—to Lilius. "It is only a few hundred yards."

"I am riding the same way as Miss D'Este," interposed young Owen. "I can take your place as escort, Caergwyn, if she will allow me, and save her the trouble of turning back."

"Thanks," said Lilius; "but I will wait for David."

Owen stared a little at the familiar use of the Christian name, which came so natural to Lilius's lips.

"Then I will wait too," said he; and David hated him with a bitterness entirely foreign to his sweet, kindly nature, as he rode on a little in advance of the other two, listening to the laugh and merry repartee exchanged between the pair behind him. It seemed to him the most unjustifiable and intolerable act of usurpation, this confident claiming of Lilius's attention by "that impudent young coxcomb Owen."

He was furiously jealous, although he did not know it, poor lad; and he fumed and chafed over the country blacksmith's deliberate movements, whilst Lilius and young Owen rode up and down the little village street waiting for him, and apparently finding the time by no means long. When David at last rejoined his companions, he wore a disturbed,

dissatisfied look which Mr. Owen understood well enough, but which puzzled Lilius exceedingly; a cloud on David's bright young face was something so new and strange. She devoted herself to chasing it away, and with such success that young Owen, finding his own little play effectually stopped, with just a parting warning, which was lost on the pre-occupied pair, took his leave at the cross road which led to his own residence.

"The clouds are blowing up for a storm," said he, with a glance round; "it will be as much as we shall all do to get home before it comes down."

But David was too happy, basking in the sunshine of Lilius's smiles, for a single disturbing thought to enter, and Beauty was stepping but languidly along; and thus it happened that the first low thunder-growl found them a good seven-mile ride from home, and started them into brisk trot.

"We're going to get it pretty sharp," muttered old Hunter, a quarter of an hour later, as he pulled his collar up about his ears.

And as they did. The rain swept down in a great white sheet upon them, the thunder crashed and rolled amongst the hills, and Beauty jumped and swerved as the lightning flashed across his eyes. David threw Beauty's bridle over his arm and gave his own horse the spur.

"Sit steady—hold on for ten minutes more!" he cried, as Lilius shrank before a louder peal and a more vivid flash.

Ten minutes of pelting, drenching downpour, of an echoing din like the hammering of ten thousand bolts in some infernal armory, and then Lilius, stunned and blinded, felt herself lifted from the horse and borne in David's arms to shelter.

"It was the nearest," said he, as he saw her upward look at the dark, frowning portal of his own home.

He held her still, until she disengaged herself from his arms and stood upright in her dripping habit on the stone pavement of the wide entrance. David's hat had fallen off; his fair curls, drenched with wet, were clustering over his white forehead; his Saxon beauty showed in fair relief against the dark stone background of wall.

"He is like Sir Galahad, the youngest and purest of the knights," Lilius was saying to herself, as she stood in her dripping garments, forgetting everything but the picture before her.

The housekeeper's voice brought her back to practical life again.

"The young lady will take cold," she was saying. "I can find something, if she will allow me, that will at least be better than this wet habit."

"Thanks," answered Lilius, shivering, as she followed the good woman along the gray passages and up the wide staircase, wondering, as she surveyed the portly respectability of the middle-aged figure, what garments would be forthcoming for her use in that mistressless household, and a little amused at the vision of her own slight person hidden in the folds of Mrs. Phillips's black silk gown, or rolled mummy-wise in that excellent woman's Sunday cloak.

CHAPTER IV.

MRS. PHILLIPS knew what she was about. She passed the door of the chamber where the "lady's garments" were carefully laid away and only taken out from time to time, to be as carefully aired within locked doors.

Mrs. Phillips dared not offer these. But there was a large store of other garments, diligently tended, too, laid up in silver paper, with musk bags and camphor, and heaps of cedar shavings, against moth-rich brocades and dainty India muslins, quilted petticoats and satin sacques, and fine old linen, and tiny high-heeled shoes, heavily perfumed with attar of roses, all stored up and laid by with the feminine traditions of the family which had, and was to have, no mistress.

"Near upon a hundred years old, miss," Mrs. Phillips explained, with the pride of an old retainer, "and had out, only so late as last week, to be thoroughly aired. I always attend to them all myself; it would grieve me, indeed, if anything suffered from neglect, when Mr. Vyvyan or Mr. David will be bringing home their own ladies some of these days; and ladies know the value of such things," she added, proudly. "Maybe, miss, we may find something here that may do for a change, until we can send down to your own maid—the storm is so heavy just now," glancing at the darkened windows. It's all old-fashioned," proceeding to unlock the wardrobes, "but it's not unsuitable, if I may say so; and there's nothing of mine that would fit, even if I could presume to offer it," concluded the good woman respectfully.

Lilius gazed at the treasures unfolded before her with a little shriek of delight. She handled the delicate fabrics with discriminating fingers.

"What exquisite old lace! What would mamma say to it? And such brocade! As stiff as a board! And the lovely work, and the faint, delicate colors, like moonlight, or pearly clouds, or pale sea-tints! And the quaint, delicious patterns! And the scent, like a dream of the Arabian Nights! I must put on this rose-colored petticoat and this cream-tinted sacque strewn with carnations, and these lace ruffles, and this little gypsy cloak and hood for my shoulders. Oh, and this charming round cap with the blue bow and the yellow cobweb of lace! My hair ought to be powdered," she went on, as she stood before the long oval mirror and surveyed herself, "and then I should look as if I had stepped out of one of these picture-frames—should I not? Ah, our great-grandmothers had an idea of dress which we have lost or forgotten! What a pity we have grown so stiff and so demure!"

Mrs. Phillips looked on, at first a little gravely, as the young girl arrayed herself after her programme—the sober-minded woman, living always in the gloom of the Gray House, was so unused to the pretty frivolities of girlhood. But, as the graceful toilet proceeded, and the young, radiant face bloomed out of the little lace cap, the housekeeper smiled and approved, and finally decided it was "the prettiest that had ever been in the house since my Lady Annabel, whose picture hung in the yellow drawing-room, and who, poor lady, began all the troubles of the house!"

She even laid aside again the heavy Indian shawl which she had looked out, to hide the toilet of which she had felt half-ashamed, and marshaled the young lady proudly down the staircase, and into the great hall, with somewhat of the feeling that the old times had come back again, when fair ladies tripped up and down the grim passages, and bloomed in the empty boudoirs.

"The sweetest young lady I ever saw in my life," she communicated afterwards to a select few of the upper servants, gathered together in her own apartment, "and as merry and gay as a bird. Such a laugh! You could not but laugh with her when she began. I thought to myself, as I looked at her—the pretty creature!—if we had only got such a bit of sunshine always about the old hall, what a different place it would be for the young gentlemen—and for us all, too, for the matter of that! Ah, if Providence had only sent Sir Owen a daughter!"

"And so Providence will, in its own good time, no doubt," oracularly pronounced the butler.

"That," said Mrs. Phillips, looking grave, "lies

beyond wishing for—more's the pity!—in this house."

"Morgan says the spell is to be broken some day," put in the butler, speaking in the low, solemn tone in which the "curse" was always alluded to.

"Who knows that it mayn't be in our day, Mrs. Phillips?"

"It's almost too good to be true," answered she, sighing and shaking her head. "Mercy, what a clap!" as the thunder broke just over the Gray House, with a crash that shook it to its centre, and drove the fresh color from the comely cheeks of the housekeeper.

"It's not lucky to talk about it," she said presently, recovering from her fright. "We had best leave it alone, Mr. Williams. "It's not for us to meddle with or look into, that's clear."

And Mr. Williams nodded gravely in reply, as he sipped his glass of something comfortable, before the fire which had been lighted to brighten the dreary afternoon.

Lilius stepped into the great hall, of which the housekeeper had thrown open the door, and looked about her with admiring wonder. It was a large and lofty apartment, stone-paved, and hung with the shields and banners of dead and gone knights and crusaders. One end—at which, too, was the dais which proclaimed this the old dining-hall and living-room of the feudal period—was almost entirely filled up by a magnificent mulioned window of stained glass. Just now the rich coloring was extinguished against the sombre, storm-driven sky; and it was only by the gleam of some vivid lightning-flash that ever and anon a quaint figure or rich device showed itself for one instant and then vanished again in the dimness.

Round the huge open fireplace at the other extremity of the hall was gathered the living interest of the apartment—the faithful Morgan—an old man, with weather-beaten features and long, picturesque gray locks, lighted up by the blazing wood fire; and stretched at his feet, on the bearskin which served as hearth-rug, were a couple of deerhounds and a noble mastiff.

"Morgan," called the housekeeper, "will you tell Sir Owen and the young master that the lady is here? The drawing-rooms are cold, miss," she added, apologetically. "The young gentlemen use this room generally, and there is always a fire here. Down, Hector! Down, Gelert! Morgan, send the dogs away."

"No, don't," cried Lilius, fondling the great creatures as they gathered about her. "I love dogs—and these are such splendid ones! I shall do very well here"—to the housekeeper. "It is better than any drawing-room; it is like a picture!"

She sat herself down in the corner of the oaken settle by the fire, and held out her little mittened hands to the blaze. The mastiff laid his brown nose confidently on her lap, and old Morgan paused on his way to Sir Owen's study to look back admiringly. Whilst he lingered, the door behind opened, and two other pair of eyes looked with equal admiration and far greater astonishment upon the unwonted vision at the fireside. Sir Owen stood in the doorway leaning upon the arm of a young man, taller, darker, graver than David, but with an unmistakable likeness which made Lilius say to herself as she stood up, blushing, in her quaint old world attire, "Vyvyan!"

"Vyvyan!" echoed aloud the glad voice of David, as he hurried across the hall from the other entrance, and greeted his brother warmly. "Vyvyan, you here—so soon! Miss D'Este!" catching sight of Lilius for the first time. "Father—Vyvyan—is this Miss D'Este. The storm—"

"We have heard already what good fortune the storm has brought us," interrupted Sir Owen, courteously, crossing the hall to Lilius's side. I have sent a messenger to Little Caergwyn, to let Mrs. D'Este know that you are in safety."

"Thanks," murmured Lilius, confused beneath the earnest gaze of Vyvyan's dark eyes, and remembering for the first time that her costume was more suited to a fancy ball than the sober requirements of every-day life.

"I am so glad to be able to introduce you to my father and brother," David was saying, delightedly; "and on Vyvyan's first day, too. I have been such a fortunate chance."

"I have been very remiss," said Sir Owen; "I should have paid my respects to Mrs. D'Este long ago, but circumstances—ill-health—have prevented. I trust David has made my excuses; I shall not need any in the future. But the storm—I am afraid—that is, I heard you were very wet." He looked down at her anxiously, as if he expected to see signs of stress of weather still about her.

"My habit was unbearable," Lilius answered; "and your housekeeper could only supply me as you see. I am afraid," she added, laughing and coloring, "I present a strange, masquerade sort of figure."

"It is charming!" cried David.

"I thought it was the latest fashion," said Sir Owen, gravely; "I am so far behindhand in ladies' matters that I recognized nothing but that it was very pretty," he added, simply.

Vyvyan said nothing, and Lilius felt rebuked by his silence, and by the gravity of his glance.

"He is not like David," she thought; "I shall never like him as I like David—dear, good David!" And then she stooped to caress the deerhounds, and looked up again to find Vyvyan's eyes still fixed upon her.

"I wish I had brought Mrs. Phillips's shawl," thought she. "What a ridiculous figure I must be!"

"Tell Mrs. Phillips to send us in coffee and cakes," ordered Sir Owen to old Morgan, with a dim remembrance of young ladies' tastes floating back to him through the mist of years.

And then they all gathered about the fire, Lilius in the centre of the group, and David moving from one to the other, his frank, fair face aglow with delighted satisfaction.

Refreshments were brought in presently, with Mrs. Phillips herself superintending, so important did she deem the unwonted occasion. Sir Owen took his place at the end of the long table, with Lilius on his right hand; and then it was that the storm-clouds suddenly swept aside and a great rift of sunshine poured in through the stained window and flooded the hall with a glory of crimson and golden light.

"How beautiful!" cried Lilius, setting down the cup she had just lifted to her lips.

But old Morgan standing behind his master's chair uttered a great hoarse cry as he pointed with a shaking forefinger to the young lady.

"Heaven save us!" he ejaculated. "The sign! Mr. Vyvyan, Mr. David, take her away—take her away! The sign is on her!"

"Hush, Morgan! What do you mean?" cried Sir Owen, as Lilius turned pale and shrank before the old servant's vehemence.

"The sign!" he repeated. "Do you not see it? The mark of the devil!"

And then they all saw upon Lilius's fair forehead, as she sat in the full glow of radiance from the window, the purple shadow of a serpent, twisted almost in the shape of a triangle, reflected with strange clearness from the centre device of the window.

"It's unlucky for that shadow to fall on any woman," muttered old Morgan, wiping his forehead, on which the drops of perspiration stood; and he repeated an old doggerel in Welsh in support of his assertion.

"Morgan is crammed full of Welsh superstition," explained Sir Owen, trying to smile; but he put Lilius into his own seat as he spoke, and she saw that his pale face had taken an added shade of pallor, whilst the two young men on the opposite side of the table strove in vain to hide their concern.

Plainly the gayety of the party was over; the coffee swallowed in silence; and it was almost a relief when Miss D'Este's maid was reported to have arrived with the low pony-chaise from the Dower House to convey the young lady home.

Sir Owen insisted on driving his fair guest back to Little Caergwyn—a determination which caused no little sensation in the household—and Mrs. D'Este received his apologies for this tardy visit with a gracious

corner of the world. We want the light of day here sadly."

Both young men spoke kindly and considerately, as they were used to speak to the old servant; but the old man's nerves had been shaken by the storm, or by the afternoon's fright—he was cross and irritable.

"Ay," said he, muttering, as he gathered his dogs about him. "There's many a one goes abroad for wisdom, and comes back to find it at his own door-stone. What's known and proved by gray heads is not to be gainsaid by a few fine words from the young and heedless. You've had your warning this day; ask for grace to take it to heart, say I. As for the young lady, let her look to it; the serpent's shadow is no light burden to bear."

The two young men glanced at each other as Morgan departed, pulling the massive door heavily behind him. For all the enlightenment and the new atmosphere in which Vyvyan had lived of late, something of the old influence under which he had been nurtured reasserted its power; it was not so easy, he found, to shake off the fetters of a superstition which had been so early instilled.

"Morgan hasn't much respect for enlightenment," said David, trying to laugh off the effect of the old man's speech. "He lives in a world of his own, and does not understand anything beyond it;" and David at that moment felt his sympathies to be a good deal with Morgan.

* * * * *

Mrs. D'Este walked up to the Gray House the very next day to return Sir Owen's visit, but not before David had brought Vyvyan to Little Caergwyn for presentation to the gracious lady. David, in his eager way, could not rest until Vyvyan was thoroughly in the current of the life he had led these last few months.

They all walked up to the Hall together. Mrs. D'Este watching David's hero with a cautious criticism David himself had never provoked. But then Vyvyan, grave, silent, self-contained, was a very different person from frank, impulsive, open-hearted David, with all his faults, as well as his virtues, going before him to judgment. Was Vyvyan shy or proud with the self-confident pride of a tyro who, going out into the world for the first time, comes back with an arrogant, self-sufficient belief in his own superiority to those he had behind him? Mrs. D'Este was not sure as yet.

Mrs. Phillips saw the ladies coming, and hurried to throw open the yellow drawing-room. Mrs. D'Este saw Sir Owen shiver in the cold, unused room, and begged, presently, for a sight of that grand old feudal hall of which Lilius had given her last night so enthusiastic a description. And they were all glad to escape from the state of the shining waste of Holland to the rich, warm color of the oak-paneled hall and the leaping fire of huge logs, before which, as usual, the dogs stretched and basked.

Sir Owen stood up against the high mantelpiece where the coat-of-arms of the Caergwyns was carved above his head, and his thin white hands towards the blaze; and then Mrs. D'Este's observant eye saw what Doctor Milsom had already seen—that fragility which had grown upon the recluse, unperceived by those nearest to him, perhaps by himself. Mrs. D'Este roused herself from a little sad reflection on this withered, wasted life.

"What a magnificent window!" said she. "How antiquarians and ecclesiologists must envy you its possession, Sir Owen!"

"I believe it is very fine," responded Sir Owen, with a sigh.

He was looking at the central device as he spoke, and the irrepressible thought came to him how that window represented the tenure of all his possessions at Caergwyn—it held the menace of the serpent's sting within it.

Mrs. D'Este was curious in the matter of stained glass windows; she had all the higher and more cultivated tastes of her caste. She stood up to examine the rare designs more closely—to speculate on dates and unravel complicated medieval symbols, according to the light of her learning in connection with the subject—and the rest of the party followed her, as she drew nearer to the end of the hall, in pursuit of her investigations. The fitful April sun came out and stained the stone floor with splashes of crimson and purple light, and cast grotesque shadows upon the upturned faces of the group.

"How curiously that figure is defined!" exclaimed Mrs. D'Este, as the purple serpent-triangle marked itself out in clear sharp lines at her feet. "How is it produced, I wonder?"

"It is nothing—nothing," nervously asserted Sir Owen—"only one of old Morgan's superstitions; he has one connected with nearly everything about the place. Old Morgan is a faithful servant, and a quaint, original character. I fear—"turning to Lilius—"that he startled you yesterday; his fancies are so real and so tragic to himself."

"Is there a story connected with this figure?" asked Mrs. D'Este. "May I hear it?"

Sir Owen and his sons hesitated, and Mrs. D'Este colored from a sense of indiscretion; but Lilius, smothering an unaccountable feeling of repugnance, came to the rescue.

"Morgan's story is that it is unlucky for that shadow to fall upon any one," said she. "Yesterday it fell upon me, and the old man was very much disturbed in consequence; to-day, you see, we all escape."

"Or the danger is equally distributed amongst us all," suggested David, cheerfully. "Well, we can bear it better in company."

"It is wonderful," remarked Doctor Milsom, who now joined the party, "how thoroughly imbued with superstition these Welsh peasants are. Living amongst them, and seeing their earnestness of faith, I declare, in spite of education and common sense, one catches somewhat of the infection, and finds oneself half believing in ghosts and such shadowy personages. I believe it's in the very air."

"It is a characteristic of all mountain populations," said Vyvyan, with the manner of one who had for some reason studied the subject; "look at the Scotch and the German mountaineer legends."

"But," interposed Mrs. D'Este, smiling, "since the spell has been cast over Lilius, I should like to know what particular form of evil is threatened."

"I am not sure that Morgan knows precisely," said Sir Owen, uneasily. "It is the nature of his craft to be mysterious."

"You must let me make old Morgan's acquaintance some day," proposed Mrs. D'Este, as she held out her hand to Sir Owen in farewell; "he must be a whole volume of interesting legend."

She wondered a little, as they walked homewards, how it was that Lilius, usually so communicative in the smallest details of all that concerned herself, had left this incident of old Morgan's superstitious belief to reach her thus accidentally.

(To be continued.)

It is proposed to establish a steamship line between Mobile and Havana. In order to encourage the project a Cairo (Ill.) firm offers to send 7,000 barrels of flour weekly for shipment.

ASTONISHING JUGGLERY.

THE MAGICIANS OF SIAM.

A LETTER from Siam to the *World* thus describes a scene at an exhibition given by some native jugglers: "That is Norodom," whispered Woun-Tajac in my ear. Another actor now came upon the scene, whom I recognized to be the tall athlete Tepada. Behind him came a smaller man, whose name, Woun-Tajac informed me, was Minhman, and a boy, probably twelve years old, called Tsin-ki. These four began some of the most wonderful athletic exhibitions that can be conceived. It is impossible to believe, unless you saw it, what work these men put human muscles to. I am not going to provoke the credulity of your readers by attempting to describe the majority of them. In one feat Tepada seized Norodom by his long white beard, held him off at arm's length, and spun around with him until the old man's legs were horizontal to the athlete's shoulders. Then, while they still spun with the fury of dervishes, Minhman sprang up, seized upon Norodom's feet, and spun out a horizontal continuation of the ancient, and when Minhman was firmly established the boy Tsin-ki caught to his feet in like manner, and the tall athlete, every muscle in him straining, continued to whirl the human, jointless lever around. At last, slowing slightly, Tepada drew in his arms till the old man's white beard touched his body. There was a sudden strain and the arms of the men from being horizontal became perpendicular, Norodom's head resting atop of Tepada's, and Minhman's head upon Norodom's feet, and Tsin-ki's head on Minhman's feet. A pause for breath, then the column of men was propelled into the air, and *presto!* Tepada's head was on the ground, Norodom's feet to his, Minhman's feet upon Norodom's head, Tsin-ki's feet on Minhman's head. Each had turned somersault, and the column was unbroken.

I could fill several columns with descriptions of the most remarkable and unaccountable feats of magic by these wonderful jugglers, but I must refrain. One trick which Minhman performed was a very superior version of the mango-tree feat of the Indian jugglers. He took an orange, cut it open and produced a serpent. This he took down into the audience, and borrowing a robe from one, cut the snake's head off and covered it with the robe. When the robe was lifted again a fox was in place of the snake. The fox's head was cut off, two robes borrowed, and when they were raised there was a wolf, which was killed with a sword. Three robes, and a leopard appeared: it was slain with a javelin. Four robes covered a most savage-looking buffalo, which was killed with an ax. Five robes covered in part, but not altogether, a lordly elephant, which when the sword was pointed against him, seized Minhman by the neck and tossed him violently up. He mounted feet foremost, and finally clung by his toes to the capital of one of the columns. Tepada now leaped from the stage and alighted upon the elephant's shoulders. With a short sword he goaded the beast on the head until shrieking, the unwieldy animal reared upon his hind feet, twined its trunk about one of the great columns, and seemed trying to lift itself from the ground and wrap its body around the great pillar. The music clashed out barbarously, Norodom flashed forth a dazzling firework of some sort, the elephant disappeared, and Tepada lay upon the stage writhing in the folds of a great boa-constrictor, and holding up Minhman upon his feet.

MAXIMS OF CARDINAL DE RETZ.

SOME of the most celebrated aphorisms ever given to the world are those of Cardinal De Retz. As a writer the fame of De Retz rests upon the "Memoirs," a most striking and brilliant work. But his maxims have their value, as the reflections which a great and able man formed from long experience and practice in great business. This was Lord Chesterfield's opinion, and he adds, "They are true conclusions, drawn from facts, not from speculation." We subjoin a few of them:

"Weak men never yield at the proper time."

"There are no small steps in great affairs."

"I am persuaded that greater qualities are required to form a good party leader than to form an emperor of the universe; and that in the order of the qualities which compose him, resolution should walk hand in hand with judgment—I mean heroic judgment, the principle use of which is to distinguish the extraordinary from the impossible."

"Upon men of small understanding nothing makes so deep an impression as what they do not understand."

"When fear rises to a certain height it produces the same effects as temerity. Fear never applies the proper remedy."

"We should never play with favor; we cannot too closely embrace it when it is real, nor fly too far from it when it is false."

"A man who mistrusts himself never truly confides in any one."

"Men never believe others can do what they cannot do themselves."

"The effects of weakness are inconceivable, and I maintain that they are far vaster than those of the most violent passions."

"I have remarked that ill-founded enmities are ever the most obstinate. The reason of this is clear. As offenses of that kind exist only in the imagination, they never fail to grow and swell in that receptacle, too fruitful in evil fancies."

"To common-place people the extraordinary appears possible only after it has been executed."

A BRAVE ICELAND GIRL.

THE PARTING KISS IN THE RIVER.

M. S. E. WALLER started for a trip in Iceland in June, 1872. He gives an account of "Six Weeks in the Saddle," in a little volume from which we get an idea of the customs of the people there. The Icelanders are almost inconveniently hospitable. It is difficult to get a farmer, who keeps you for a day or two, to accept pay. Our author seems to have done his best to requite his hosts by making himself amusing. Here we have an instance of native kindness and feminine courage:

In the morning I made a small study, and after a very tolerable meal and many good wishes, we rode off. All went well until we came to the river Mar-kafjot, which happened to be very much flooded. Not liking to attempt to swim under the circumstances, we rode on down the bank for some miles, and fortunately found a house.

Knocking at the door we asked: "Is the river very deep?"

"Very," said a voice from the inside.

"Is there a man who will show us the ford?" we asked again.

"No," was the reply; "both Jon and Olavr are up in the mountains, but one of the girls will do quite as well. Here, Thora, go and show the Englishmen the way."

Immediately an exceedingly handsome young

woman ran out, and, nodding kindly to me, went around to the back of the house, caught a pony, put a bridle on it, and, not taking the trouble to fetch a saddle, vaulted on his bare back, drove her heels into its side, and galloped off down the river-bank as hard as she could go, shouting for us to follow.

We became naturally rather excited at such a display of dash on the part of such a pretty girl, and started off immediately in chase. But though we did our utmost to catch her, she increased her distance hand over hand. There was no doubt about it; she had as much courage as ever we could boast of, and in point of horsemanship was a hundred yards ahead of either of us.

For about half a mile we rattled along, when suddenly she pulled up short on the sand-bank.

"You can cross here," she said, "but you must be careful. Make straight for that rock right over there, and when you have reached it, you will be able to see the cairn of stones we built to show the landing-place."

"All right," I said. "Good-by."

She looked puzzled for a moment and then said, "I'll come through with you; it will be safer."

"Good gracious, Bjarni, don't let her come," I said; "she is sure to drown, and I can't get her out with all those wet clothes on; tell her to go back."

But before I was half way through the sentence, she had urged her horse into the water, and in a moment was twenty yards into the river. Of course we followed as quick as possible, and, after a great deal of splashing, reached the middle of the flood. "Now," said she, bringing her horse up abreast with mine, and pointing with her whip, "there's the mark." The waters were running level with the horses' withers, and it was only by lifting their heads very high that they could keep their noses clear.

"Good-by," she said, "God bless—" and, before I was quite aware of it, kissed me on the cheek.

I was about to return the compliment, but she was gone, and a few minutes after we saw her, a mere speck in the distance, galloping over the plain.

Kissing in Iceland is a custom similar to shaking hands here. I had thought of it in ordinary situations, but a kiss in the midst of boundless waters was, to say the least of it, strange. It was certainly the wettest one I ever had in my life.

FOREIGN DEMAND FOR GRAIN.

SINCE the 1st of January of this year the shipments of grain to foreign ports from the United States have been largely in excess of those in former years, and aggregate to March 7th, from the principal lake ports alone, 12,421,057 bushels, against 6,275,188 bushels the same time of 1872. The shipments of flour during the same period were 1,253,180 barrels, against 164,678 barrels, showing an increase in both instances of nearly 100 per cent. This increase is also noticeable from August 1st, 1873, to March 7th, 1874, the shipments aggregating 102,554,607 bushels of grain and 3,492,285 barrels of flour, against 86,046,487 bushels of grain and 2,476,240 barrels of flour in the same time in the year preceding. About the same ratio of increase is observable at the seaports, from which a brisk and increasing trade in grain and breadstuffs has been carried on to the advantage of this country.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

A PICTURE SALE IN PARIS.

One of the sights in Paris is the auction hotel in Rue Drouot, where public sales of furniture, pictures, etc., take place, as shown in our engraving. These sales are under the auspices of a Board of Commissioners numbering eighty, who have charge of all auction sales, whether forced or voluntary. Auction sales in bankruptcy are all made at this hotel; and these occasions bring together all classes of people, rich and poor, the shoddy and the artist, the antiquary and the lover of objects of virtu.

SUTAH.

This place is one of the camping-grounds of the English troops at the Ashante war. Enough of the rank vegetation has been cut away to let in plenty of sunlight and fresh air, and huts have been erected for the comfort of the officers. Natives are seen in the foreground preparing dinner, just as they did when Mungo Park was a traveler in the wilderness.

A GRAIN BOAT ON THE GANGES.

The extent of the great famine in India is far greater than most people suppose. Hundreds of thousands of people are suffering for want of food. Subscriptions have been taken up in London, and the British Government is doing much to relieve the starving natives. Large shipments have been sent thither. We give a sketch of a grain-boat on a voyage up the Ganges.

CHASING ASHANTEE FUGITIVES.

On the 6th of February the English troops under the command of Sir Garnet Wolseley entered the capital of the Ashante Kingdom. The chief and king of the butchers had previously fled with his court, leaving much treasure behind. As soon as the English came in sight of the town the native citizens stamped, hastily snatching what valuables they could carry. Our illustration represents the Naval Brigade clearing the streets previous to burning the town.

THE DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH'S FIRST VIEW OF WINDSOR CASTLE.

After the royal couple had landed from the vessel at Gravesend Pier they were driven to the railway coaches which were in waiting to take them to Windsor. The car especially provided for the Duke and his wife is called a saloon carriage. It belongs to the Southeastern Railway Company, and was used by the Shah in traveling from Dover to London. Our illustration represents the Duchess taking her first view of Windsor Castle, as the cars follow a curve in the line of the road.

THE ROYAL ENTRY INTO LONDON.

The state entry of the Queen, the Duke and the Grand Duchess of Edinburgh into London was the occasion of great enthusiasm. Flags and other emblems were displayed all over the city. An immense assembly gathered in front of the great hotels and along the streets, notwithstanding the snow and dismal weather. As the *corége* approached Pall Mall, however, the sun burst forth and lighted up the royal procession, and the vast multitude cheered while the royal party drove to Buckingham Palace, reaching there at a quarter past one. A body of Coldstream Guards were mounted as a guard of honor inside the gates. The long line of troops following the royal carriages entered the gates, while the band played English and Russian airs. The Queen, followed by the Duke and Duchess, passed up the grand staircase, and appeared a few minutes afterwards on the balcony.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

A BILL has been introduced into the Maryland Legislature to encourage immigration thither from Scotland. It provides that the Commonwealth shall pay fifty nine per cent. of the passage money, and the person who secures his services forty-one per cent. In return the immigrant is expected to sign a contract to remain three years in the State, and to give his note, payable in twelve months, for the passage money. . . . Yale's new boathouse will cost \$12,000. . . . A New Orleans horse railroad company recently sunk 47,000 counterfeit five-cent nickel coins in the Mississippi River, the receipts of one year. The counterfeiting of these coins is carried on so extensively in New Orleans that the *Picayune* estimates that 1,000 people daily pay the fares on the horse railroad with bogus coin. . . . The total ice yield in Maine for the season, including old ice on hand, is estimated at 1,500,000 tons, and it may possibly reach 2,000,000 tons. Of this, some 500,000 tons have been sold or bartered for at \$3 per ton, or a total of nearly \$1,000,000. Amherst College now has \$60,000 in its fund. . . . It is proposed that the teachers and pupils of the whole country take part in this memorial, and that on the birthday of Agassiz, the 28th of May, they shall each contribute something, however small, to the Teachers' and Pupils' Memorial Fund, in honor of Louis Agassiz; the fund to be kept separate, and the income applied to the expenses of the museum. . . . The California Senate has passed a compulsory education Bill. . . . New York State has more than two hundred Granges or organizations. . . . The answer of the American Steamship Company, of Philadelphia, to Captain Brady's claim for salvage in bringing the *Pennsylvania* into port will be that his conduct, in persisting in retaining command of the vessel after the danger was past, was mutinous and subversive of discipline, as the third officer was able to discharge the duties of captain. . . . Gold hunters are leaving Oregon for the Alaska mines. . . . The Iowa Legislature has enacted a law against baggage-smashers. The penalty for recklessly injuring baggage is a fine of not less than fifty dollars, nor more than one hundred, and imprisonment not exceeding thirty days. . . . The Pennsylvania Democratic State Convention will be held in Pittsburgh in May. . . . More than 300,000 gallons of olive oil are imported by the United States for table use alone. . . . The Supreme Court of California has decided that the tax levy of 1872 and 1873 was unconstitutional. . . . On St. Patrick's



THE CUSTOM HOUSE ON THE CANADA LINE.—CUSTOMS' OFFICERS SEARCHING BAGGAGE ON THE ARRIVAL OF THE NEW BRUNSWICK TRAIN AT VANCEBORO', MAINE.—SKETCHED BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 55.



THE BURNING COAL MINE AT WILKESBARRE, PENNSYLVANIA—STOPPAGE OF THE "FAN."—SKETCHED BY ALFRED J. EAMES.—SEE PAGE 50.



BALD MOUNTAIN, NORTH CAROLINA, THE SCENE OF THE EARTHQUAKE PHENOMENA AND THREATENED VOLCANO.—SKETCHED BY THOMAS C. MORTON.—SEE PAGE 90.

and subject them to a scrutiny, for the purpose of ascertaining whether they, by accident or design, have among their luggage, or otherwise in their custody, any goods that should properly pay import duties, or be taxed for the maintenance of the General Government.

As a principal officer is seldom or never employed in this way-service, and as the subordinates who perform it are, for the time being, beyond the reach of any central authority, it may be conceived readily that grievances obtain for which there is no immediate remedy. Where the officer is not inclined to be obliging or just, he can, on the slightest pretext, do you incalculable mischief by detaining your luggage until after the departure of a train; while should you attempt to expostulate with him in anything like angry terms, if he happens to be an ugly customer, your trunks are ransacked from top to bottom, and your private flask and bundle of cigars paraded before your eyes, as the most damning evidence of your being neither more nor less than the adroitness of smugglers. If, however, through the channels of inductive reasoning, you are able to persuade him that you are not going into the tobacco or liquor business, and do not intend to dispose, in the way of trade, of the slight stock you have on hand, he generally contents himself with sampling both articles and curtailing your enjoyments for the remainder of your journey if you have any great distance to go.

The experienced officer of gentlemanly instincts never commits himself or gives the slightest unnecessary trouble to those with whom he is brought into contact in this relation. He never invades a lady's satchel or takes notice of a yard of cherry ribbon or a pair of baby's shoes. For the most part he detects at a glance even the slightest symptoms of fraud. In relation to the opening of any trunk or package, he distrusts on the part of the owner the least hesitation, as he does anything that savors of over-readiness; well knowing that the one may be inspired by conscious guilt, while the other may be intended to induce a superficial search. In both cases, however, he is courteous; and if constrained to perform an unpleasant duty, does so without giving needless pain or offense.

In our present issue we give a very graphic and finely-executed full-page illustration of some of our Custom House officials examining passengers' luggage at Vanceboro', Me., on the arrival of the train from New Brunswick. They are busily employed, as we perceive; and as they have power to break open, detain or ransack any package, we may well conceive how anxiously those ladies and gentlemen look on who have been handed over by the law to the tender mercies of the Customs' officers. Let us trust, however, that all the trunks now on the platform, as well as those in the adjoining room, will be found to contain nothing contraband, and that in a very few moments they shall receive the white chalk-mark that will set them free, and send them and their owners on their way rejoicing.

LORD PALMERSTON.

THE third and concluding volume of Lord Palmerston's life has just been published. It is reported in London that the Queen induced the biographer, Henry Lytton Bulwer, brother to the poet-novelist, and formerly the English Ambassador at Washington, to modify, and, in some cases, to altogether omit, many chapters relating to the life of the late Louis Napoleon. It is well-known that the premature official recognition by Palmerston of Napoleon's *coup d'état* of the 2d December led to his sudden retirement from the British Cabinet, to which he was triumphantly brought back with increased power soon afterwards. It is very evident that he was aware of the late Emperor's design, and that he most thoroughly approved of it. In one of his private memoranda he says: "We must not judge of these strokes of state from an English point of view—but France is altogether a people without a precedent. The French are not a nation, but an audience—they do not want a ruler, but a manager—they are governed not by laws, customs, Constitution or reason. They demand spectacle, and are only happy in excitement. When you can no longer amuse the French, their *ennui* takes the shape of revolution. At a private interview I had at the Tuilleries with Louis Napoleon, he candidly told me that if he had not caged the leading spirits of Paris he would have been the victim; he therefore resolved to treat them as his uncle had the Convention, and as Louis Philippe ought to have acted at the Reform Banquet in 1848. 'He hesitated, and was lost. My *coup d'état* was an act of self-preservation. Only Morny, Persigny and Bugeaud knew of my intention.' Palmerston adds that 'the indignation of the Queen was great, but when I had explained my reasons to Prince Albert, he said with his usual manliness and good sense, 'I will give your reasons to the Queen.' Louis Napoleon at this interview told me candidly that it would not be his fault if he were driven from France," but I have now only three trump cards left in my hand—war with Austria, Prussia or England: but war is a dangerous experiment with my people; it is impossible to know where the evil will stop."

It appears that Lord John Russell was more offended at his colleague's acting without consulting him than disapproving of the act itself.

We will give one instance of that love of fun which Palmerston so largely possessed: He was invariably accompanied by an umbrella which Lord Lincoln—afterwards the Duke of Newcastle, who visited us with the Prince of Wales in 1859—declared threw Mrs. Gamp's famous umbrella into the shade. It was very old, very green, very large and very baggy, and gave beholders the idea that Palmerston used it as a portmanteau to carry home his Parliamentary Blue Books. Now, if a London exquisite has a horror of anything, it is an umbrella of that description, and we dare say that the modern Beau Brummels would suffer martyrdom rather than carry one down any fashionable street in London. Palmerston made use of it on one occasion to inflict a piece of small vengeance upon a dandy of the House of Commons who had voted against him on some question which he had much at heart. It was his invariable custom, whatever the hour might be, to walk from the House to his home, Cambridge House, after the business was over. On this special occasion he had been on a committee, and with a light overcoat on his arm and his stalwart umbrella, which he used as a walking-stick, was leaving the Palace Yard, on his way to an early dinner. He had hardly taken a dozen steps when this elegant and fastidious Adonis of Belgravian accosted him, and, saying that he was going towards Cambridge House, offered the aged Premier his arm, which Palmerston accepted. The fashionable exquisite then politely offered to carry his light overcoat. His dismay may be imagined, but not described, when his companion said, "Thank you; but I really will trouble you to take my umbrella!" There was no escape, and with a sickening horror creeping over his frame he took the portentous article. All through the Park, which was crowded with the élite of fashion, was the unfortunate votary of appearances led by the veteran statesman, and it was not till they reached Cambridge House that the owner of the Gampish machine relieved him from his pur-

gatorial burden. When Palmerston related the ordeal through which his recreant supporter had passed, he said to a mutual friend, "I think I served the marquis out for the vote he gave the other night."

ANCIENT TREES.

OVERTON, formerly a village, now a town, situated in Flintshire, just divided from Denbighshire by the Dee, has its churchyard thickly studded with splendid yews, and from this circumstance forms one of the lesser wonders of North Wales. The yews are of various ages; one very old one is fast going to decay, the trunk is quite hollow, and the cavity large enough to hold several people comfortably. Its circumference must be 30 feet three feet from the ground.

Again, there are twenty large yew-trees in the churchyard at Gresford, in Denbighshire. One measures 29 feet in circumference five feet from the ground; it is more than 60 feet high, and is supposed to be about 1,450 years old, planted in the year 426, when the Romans finally left Britain, Wales being at that time a Roman province.

In the churchyard of Darley, Derbyshire, there is a very large old yew-tree, which is a source of attraction to Peak visitors, and is said to be the largest and oldest tree in the kingdom. It measures 33 feet round the trunk, and though bereft of many of its branches, is still in full vigor.

In the churchyard of Tisbury, Dorsetshire, there is now standing an immense yew-tree, which measures 37 feet in circumference. The trunk is quite hollow; it is entered by means of a rustic gate, and seventeen people lately breakfasted in its interior. One in Staines is upwards of 1,000 years old.

The great yew at Fortingal, Perthshire, N.B., is stated by Gilpin, in his "Forest Scenery," vol. I, page 282, to measure 56½ feet in circumference, and is supposed to have been a tree at the commencement of our Christian era. It still remains, and was visited by Mr. Niel, the naturalist, in 1833.

Many interesting accounts are further given of the yew in Evelyn's "Silva," and also by Gilpin in his first volume of "Forest Scenery." White, in his "History of Selborne," note, page 7, says it is calculated that there are yews in Britain upwards of 2,000 and 3,000 years old.

There are some fine yews round Fountains Abbey, curious in themselves, as well as historically interesting; they are said to have been full-grown when the abbey was built in 1132. (Gilpin, page 280.)

At Hanchurch, near Newcastle, there is a spacious quadrangle formed by many old yews; a church is supposed to have once stood there. Also there is a remarkable avenue of yews at Hales Hall, near Cheadle, Staffordshire, and again some remarkable yews at Himley, Caverswall and Tixall. The yew was a sacred tree among the Northern Britons. Its ancient British name was *yew*, or *yren*: the former (pronounced *yew*) is the plural, the latter the singular; its botanical name is *Taxus baccata*.

Evelyn speaks of a holly edge in his garden measuring 160 feet in length, 7 feet high and 5 feet in diameter. In Keele Gardens, near Newcastle, the seat of the Rev. Walter Sneyd, there is growing a holly edge 110 years old, 100 yards in length, 6 feet wide at the top, 20 feet wide at the bottom, and 32 or 35 feet high. Speaking of the old trees of North Wales, there is a splendid avenue at Wynastry, near Wrexham, upwards of a mile in length, formed of fine oaks, elms, limes, and beeches; one ash, called the "King," measures 36 feet in circumference. There are likewise many fine oaks mentioned in the "Natural History of Staffordshire," page 408, which are worthy of investigation.

VICTOR HUGO'S WAYS.

VICTOR HUGO rarely makes use of the pen. He works with the brain and not with the hand. When composing his works he paces the floor of his room, holding high his Olympian head, and sniffing the air like Job's charger, dictating to a secretary sitting at a desk in one corner. He dictates very slowly, sentence by sentence, as Moses, to whom the poet often compares himself, must have dictated the words engraved upon the ancient tablets of stone. I say that the poet often compares himself to Moses, whom he regards as the greatest man that ever lived, but there are grave doubts in his mind whether or not Moses and Victor Hugo are one and the same person. If Hugo did not live a few thousand years ago under the name of Moses, thinks that the soul of Moses must have descended to the Hugo of to-day. It is even said that he has declared any other minds that ever existed incapable of writing the first books of the Bible, and rather inclines to the belief that he wrote them himself. I say "minds" above, but this is a mere *façon de parler*, for Hugo uses the singular. If he extends this theory to others his lofty contempt for the rest of mankind must make him assign the rest of us to a brute state of existence at the time he was the chief of the Hebrews and the lawgiver of the human race.

Victor Hugo works incessantly, wearing out two secretaries when pressed for time, and he eats as heartily as any man alive. The amount of fish he consumes by himself would supply a small family, and his beefsteaks are of old-fashioned dimensions. After all, there is nothing like a good appetite and an excellent digestion, especially when one rises at five o'clock in the morning and works until midnight. On the morning his son died Hugo was correcting his proofs, and he went back to the work the moment he returned from the cemetery. But reflecting persons will not find in this a thought of callousness, for the stricken father was a doubtless trying to make his work a rampart against his grief.

THE OLDEST MEN.

THE oldest races of men of which traces have yet been discovered are known as the Stone-folk, because they fashioned their implements out of stone and seem to have been unacquainted with the use of metals. These Stone-folk are clearly distinguishable into two classes—the older, known as Palaeolithic, merely chipped stones into shape; the later, or Neolithic, had advanced a step further, and constructed tools highly polished and otherwise more finished than those of their predecessors. We also find associated with the traces of Palaeolithic man a group of mammals now wholly or locally extinct, while the mammals accompanying the remains of Neolithic man are many of them still indigenous to the country. In connection with this subject Mr. J. Geikie has brought prominently into notice a fact which had not received the attention which it deserves, that nowhere have any signs been detected of gradual improvement on the part of Palaeolithic man, by which he may have passed from abject barbarism to the more advanced skill of his Neolithic successor, but that, on the contrary, the two races are everywhere sharply marked off from one another. In the same way the accompanying groups of mammals are essentially distinct, and we nowhere find traces of the dying out of the

one and the gradual coming in of the other. But one inference can be drawn from these facts: between the time when the Palaeolithic race inhabited Britain and the coming in of the Neolithic race a long interval must have elapsed, during which man was by some means or other driven out of the country, and went through elsewhere the long series of modifications by which he was himself advanced in civilization, while at the same time the group of animals associated with him became totally changed. Now we know of no physical change since the second glaciation of the country which could have been the cause of such a migration, for all the evidence both here and elsewhere tends to show that whatever change of climate has occurred between that event and the present day has been steadily in the same direction—that of improvement. But the great submergence, and severe period which followed it, would exactly bring about the required result, if it can be only shown that the age of Palaeolithic man preceded these occurrences.

There is no antecedent improbability in such a supposition; the mild periods that occurred during the formation of the Till may well have been warm enough to allow of northern mammals, and subsequently, as the climate improved, of Palaeolithic man and southern forms migrating into Britain, to be again driven out each time a return of cold brought the sheet-ice down over the lowlands, and finally expelled, never again to return, by the great submergence. But more than this, our author has shown how anomalies, hitherto inexplicable, receive an easy solution on this hypothesis; how, for instance, it accounts for the mingling of northern and southern forms of mammals in the Palaeolithic beds; and how it gives a reason for the fact that Palaeolithic river-gravels are confined to those parts of Britain which were not covered by the ice-sheet, while the Palaeolithic deposits found in caves are not so restricted.

The hypothesis therefore stands on a firm basis, and the conclusion is irresistible that Palaeolithic man was of interglacial—may be of preglacial—date. Thus much had been dimly felt rather than demonstrated by previous thinkers; but Mr. Geikie has shed a flood of light on the subject by pointing out that man was driven out of their country by the great submergence; that Britain was not again peopled till the elevation that followed connected it with the continent; and that the colonists belonged to the Neolithic race. In this way he has satisfactorily accounted for the great gap that exists between the two divisions of the Stone-folk.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE SUN.—The appearance of spots on the sun indicates eruptions.

GUNPOWDER.—If the charcoal for gunpowder is ground too soon after burning, it is liable to spontaneous combustion.

THE GOVERNMENT is going to establish four lifeboat stations on Lake Superior, between White Fish Point and Pictured Rocks, between which points most of the disasters on Lake Superior have occurred.

M. HENRY GIFFARD, the inventor of the *Injecteur*, has constructed a railway carriage with a patent suspension of his invention, which prevents the passengers from feeling any inconvenience from oscillation.

THE OPTIC NERVE, ETC.—By a microscopic examination of the retina and optic nerve and the brain, M. Bauer found them to consist of globules of 1-2800th to 1-4000th of an inch diameter, united by a transparent viscid and coagulable gelatinous fluid.

A COAL-CUTTING MACHINE has been introduced into a coal mine near Brazil, Ind., which, driven by a five horse power steam engine, will, by trial, save thirty-five cents per ton in expense of mining over the cost of hand labor. It is a rotary cutter four feet in diameter—cutting three feet four inches in the vein before requiring readjustment.

A NEW SUBSTANCE has been lately discovered, known as leather cardboard, which, from its solidity, suppleness and durability, seems likely to supplant the old method of roofing. It is composed of solid and tough materials, cemented together by an oily and durable plastering, with which they are thoroughly impregnated, thus producing a substance entirely waterproof and far more lasting than bitumen cardboard; which, formed as it is of a spongy, compressible matter, and only covered with a thin layer of pitch, obviously possesses neither of the qualities essential to any material for roofing—this is, absolute impenetrability added to great powers of resistance.

A BURNER is in use in Canada by which residuum of crude petroleum is used instead of coal or wood in brick kilns. By a simple contrivance the nozzle of the burner is made to throw the flame directly downwards at the first firing, and after burning the head (as it is termed) this nozzle is replaced by a straight one, the change being effected in a few moments. The flame is thereby thrown into the arch any required distance, burning the whole kiln from one end, and doing it in much less time than by the old method, and with perfect success as regards the quality of the burning. One man, by this process, will be able to do as much firing as a dozen with the old, as he can attend to as many arches as may be set going in one yard, and by this means save a large item in labor. The tar of petroleum consumed will not cost as much as wood at \$3.50 per cord.

VELOCIPEDES are becoming an institution in Paris for forwarding messages from the Exchange (Bourse) to the central telegraphic office, Rue de Grenelle. The rates charged by "velocipedes" are fifty cents. The run there and back, including delivery of messages, takes about twenty-five minutes for a distance of three miles one thousand three hundred and twenty yards. It is contemplated by some speculators to establish a public company. When Marshal Bazaine's trial was going on, velocipedes were used for conveying messages from Versailles for the *Moniteur*, one of the Parisian papers. The single run was charged one dollar, and was accomplished in forty-five minutes, for a distance of twelve and a half miles, at a quicker rate than the railway trains. But the road descends all the way, Versailles being on a higher level than Paris, and the railway is circuitous; stoppages are also very frequent on the line.

THE ORIGIN OF PRECIOUS STONES.—Mr. Greville Williams has recently contributed his researches on this interesting subject to the Proceedings of the Royal Society. The coloring matter of the emerald is with regard to iron, chromium and organic matter. With respect to the latter, Mr. Williams thinks that both emeralds and beryls contain carbon; but that it is probably in the form of diamond, and has nothing to do with the color of the emerald, as colorless beryls may contain as much carbon as the richest tinted emerald. The color is really due to the presence of chrome oxide. Mr. Williams then gives the results of his experiments on the effects of fusion on opaque beryls, emeralds, and an artificial mixture of beryl ingredients. The author expresses his opinion that whatever may have been the temperature at which beryls and emeralds were formed, rubies must have originated at a very high temperature, since the peculiar reaction between alumina and chrome oxide, to which the color of the ruby is due, takes place only at a heat as high as that of the oxy-hydrogen flame.

PERSONAL.

GENERAL BUTLER is an Episcopalian.

MARK TWAIN has promised to lecture no more.

MRS. JAMES FISK, JR., is worth fully \$500,000.

THE Greeley sisters will have about \$125,000, after all.

ANDREW JOHNSON is the only ex-President now living.

MILLARD FILLMORE was a wool-carder in his young days.

RV. ROBERT COLLYER, of Chicago, has started upon a European tour.

WHEN a boy Mr. Sumner swam across the boiling rapids below Niagara Falls.

SENATORS MORTON and SCHURZ are said to be antagonistic, personally, as well as politically.

MARSHAL SERRANO, President of the Spanish Republic, is to receive a salary of \$100,000 per annum.

GEORGE H. PENNELTON is again becoming prominent as a Western candidate for the next Presidency.

B. P. SHILLABER, alias Mrs. Partington, is now an invalid, and asks his friends to buy a book he has published.

PRINCE NAPOLEON is about to purchase the Paris journal *L'Opinion Nationale*, in order to make it his "organ."

GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND, the umbrella-man, is to write a book entitled the "Life and Friends of Charles Sumner."

SENATOR SCHURZ, it is announced, will be unable to deliver his Sumner eulogy in Boston before the latter part of April.

MR. HENRY B. MURRAY, from Salt Lake City, is at present in New York negotiating the sale of extensive coal lands in Utah.

ALGERNON SARTORIS, fiancé of Miss Nellie Grant, is at Green Bay, Wis., looking after lands belonging to his father's estate.

HUGH F. MACDERMOTT, the poet, was formerly an apprentice to Joseph Tinker Buckingham, the New England journalist.

THE Emperor of Morocco is to visit England next Summer. He wants to see what kind of a country the outside barbarians live in.

THE Boston Post says that the richest planter in Mississippi was a slave in 1860. It is astonishing to see how industry is rewarded in the South.

GENERAL BANKS's son Joseph was assaulted and left senseless in a street in Boston by ruffians, the other night, for trying to help some girls they were insulting.

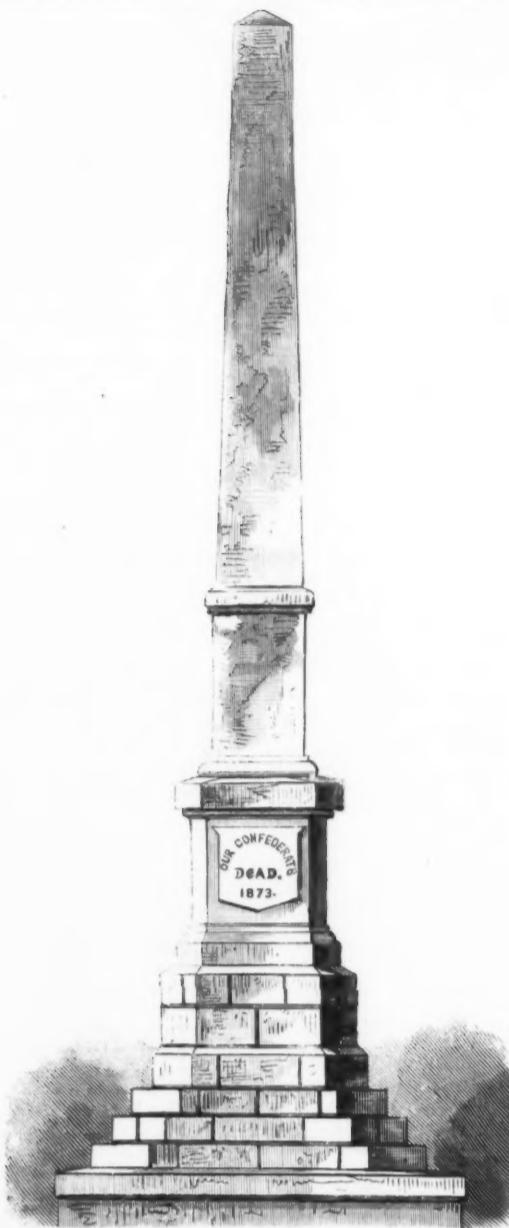
DR. BROWN-SQUARD is the son of Captain Edward Brown, a Philadelphia shipmaster, and was born in the Isle of Mauritius, in 1817, his mother being French.

GERRITT SMITH says that the dreariest day of his life was when he had to ride fifty miles in a stage-coach, beside a young man who parted his hair in the middle.

SPEAKER HOBART, of the late New Jersey Legislature, is to have his portrait painted in oil. As he is a temperance man, why not have it painted in water-colors?

MURAT HALSTEAD, of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, in his boyhood was a lime-burner. In his newspaper work he has been throwing the lime-light on bunguberry ever since.

CONGRESSMAN ROBERT B. ELLIOTT, of South Carolina, has accepted an invitation from the colored citizens of Boston to deliver a eulogy on Mr. Sumner in Faneuil Hall, April 14th.



MONUMENT TO CONFEDERATE DEAD, ERECTED AT ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

MONUMENT
TO THE CONFEDERATE
DEAD.

THIS monument, which was finished January 31st, 1874, is of the Roman style, consisting of a rustic base in six courses, twenty feet square at the top of the foundation. All the work above the bases is fine-cut ashlar, and laid in courses. The first pedestal is finished with a projecting tablet containing the words, "Our Confederate Dead, 1873." The cap projects beyond the face of the pedestal some six inches, on which the spire starts from a large convex molding, and runs up to a height of twelve feet without any diminish, and is capped with a plain projecting band, the diminish commencing above the band to the apex of spire. The whole height of the monument from the ground-line is sixty-four feet.

It is of granite from the famous Stone Mountains,

MRS. CAROLINE S. BROOKS, ARTIST OF THE
MEDALLION IN BUTTER.—PHOTOGRAPHED
BY LANDY, CINCINNATI.

some sixteen miles from Atlanta, in De Kalb County. The total cost is about \$4,000.

The corner-stone was laid in October, 1870, with imposing Masonic ceremonies, on the day when the remains of General Lee were deposited in the vault beneath the college chapel at Lexington, Va.

Among the articles deposited were a Confederate flag, a memorial and likeness of Lee, samples of Confederate currency, Confederate and Federal postage-stamps, names and badges of Ladies' Memorial Association, and newspapers.

Oakland Cemetery contains about six thousand Confederate graves, principally of soldiers killed in the battles around Atlanta. The monument is erected near the centre of the section devoted to them. Here the ladies of the Memorial Association and the citizens assemble annually on Memorial Day, April 26th, to strew the graves with flowers and evergreens. The session of the Georgia Legislature just closed made that day a legal holiday.

FLANAGAN'S MAIL.

ALL good Administration citizens will rejoice to learn that the great and undying principles founded by the Crédit Mobilier school are being adopted in the most remote regions of the country.

Between Hallville and Flanagan's Mills, in Texas, is a long and dreary road, over which the United States mail is carried at stated intervals. Of course, the work cannot be done for nothing. The Government is always willing to pay its servants, especially if they are loyal. Knowing this, with a kind of intuitive instinct, one J. W. Flanagan, Jr., son of Senator Flanagan, contracted to carry the said mail for the trifling sum of \$200 a month. Then, with a twist of his eye, he engaged a poor orphan negro to do

THE "DREAMING IOLANTHE." A MEDALLION IN
BUTTER.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LANDY,
CINCINNATI.

all the work for \$15 a month, provided he clothed and boarded himself, which he has been doing. With the assistance of our special artist we give an illustration of Mr. Flanagan's hired man, seated on his United States charger, and clad in the majestic robes of his office.

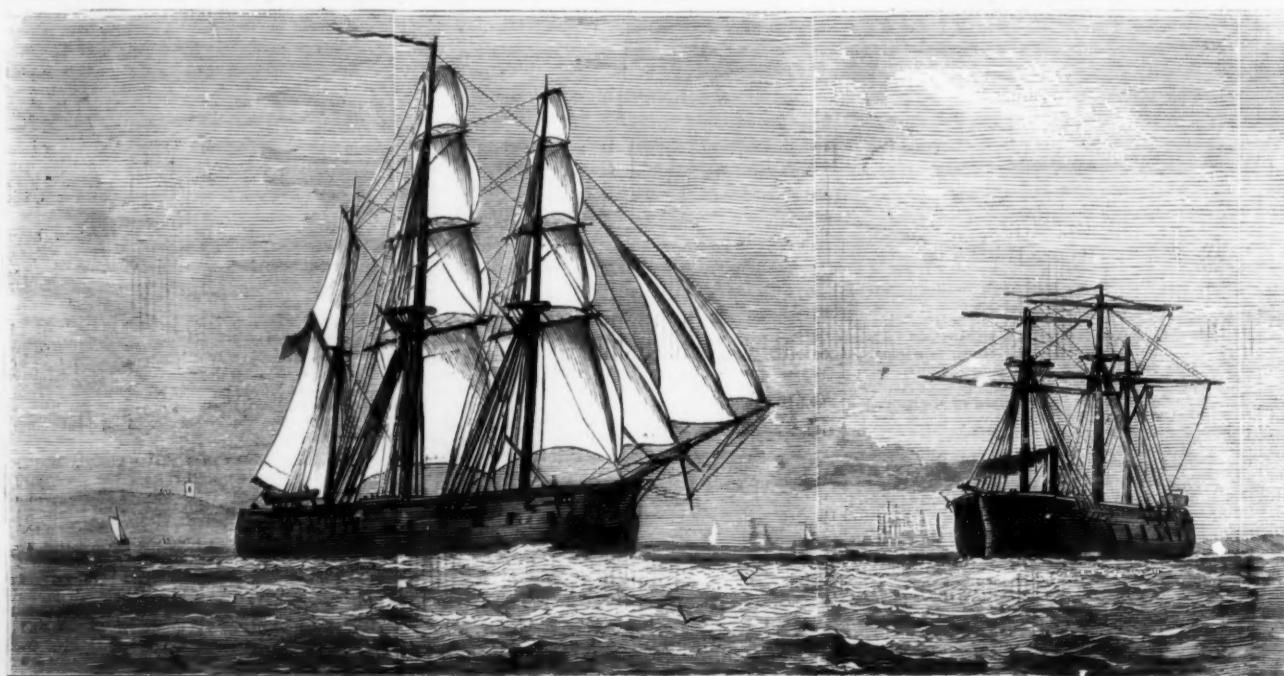
NEW RIG FOR MEN-OF-WAR.

MODERN men-of-war, owing to the weight of armor-plates, are apt to be tender under sail, and cannot bear heavy masts. Admiral Schomberg's improvement, introduced into the English navy, which we illustrate, consists of short movable top-masts which can be lowered when the ship is under sail. In preparing for battle or bad weather the upper yards are sent down, and the top-mast is struck, leaving nothing above the lower mast.

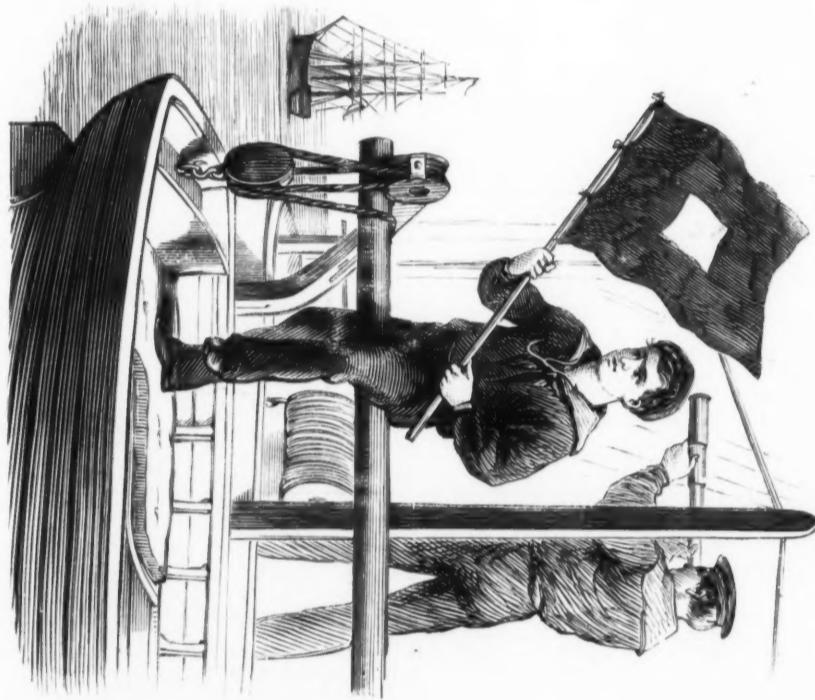
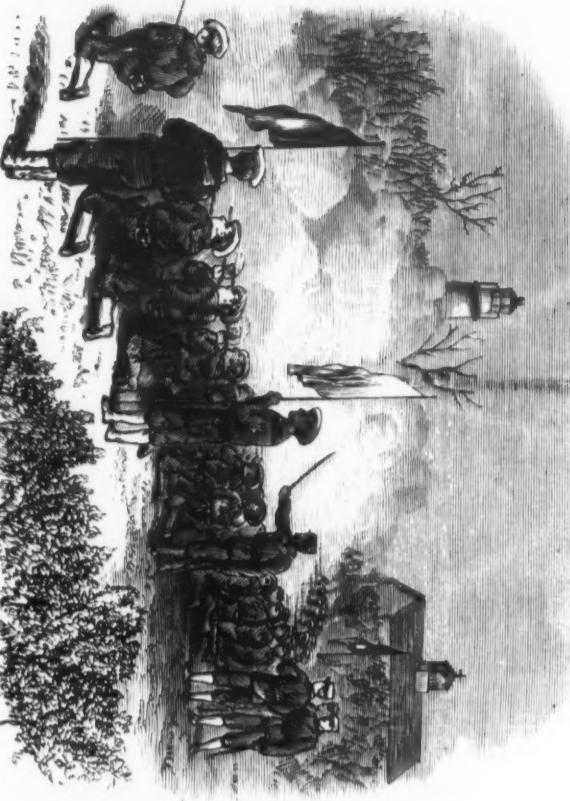
THE LADY SCULPTOR OF ARKANSAS.

"DREAMING IOLANTHE."

THE newspapers and art critics of the West agree that the *alto relieveo* in butter from the hands of Mrs. Caroline S. Brooks, of Arkansas, is a work of uncommon genius. She was born in Cincinnati,

FLANAGAN'S MAIL.—THE MAIL-BOY EMPLOYED FOR FIFTEEN DOLLARS A MONTH, TO FULFILL THE
U. S. MAIL CONTRACT BETWEEN FLANAGAN'S MILLS AND HALLVILLE, TEXAS.

ADMIRAL SCHOMBERG'S PROPOSED NEW RIG FOR MEN-OF-WAR.



1841, well educated, and married in 1863 to a planter, and they lived in Mississippi and Tennessee before moving to Arkansas. She knew nothing of art, nor of text-books on the subject. When eight years old she tried to make a copy of Dante from a book cover in clay, but failed. After her marriage she made imitations of shells and fish in butter; and when her husband died with the yellow fever last year she made a beautiful figure in his memory, representing a child, and it attracted much attention. Then she devoted fine evenings to producing her ideal face of "The Dreaming Lolathie," the subject of a Danish poem which she had read in her youth. Lolathie was blind, but in love with a

prince. The artist represents her as she lies sleeping with the enchantment of dreams illuminating her face.

The work is wrong in a pan of butter—and butter is considered far more difficult to use, in an artistic sense, than clay. Still, when the image was exhibited at the Cincinnati and St. Louis Art Galleries, the enthusiasm of the critics amounted to almost an ovation, and Mrs. Brooks was immediately called to Cincinnati. Her home is nine miles from Helena, Ark. Her work, of which we give an illustration, was done with a butter-fade, broom straws, sticks, and a camel-hair brush—their use requiring the most careful manipulation.

of the line, under cover of the broadsides from the covering vessels, *Juniper*, *Wyoming*, *Siennanodah* and *Kansan*. The beach was filled with spectators, who as the men landed dispersed. The boats were rowed in as far as possible, and some of the men had to jump into water knee-deep and wade ashore. The landing was made on the South Beach, between Fort Taylor and Martello Tower. After landing, they immediately formed into companies and battalions, the howitzers at the wings, and two Gatling guns in the centre.

The skirmishers were then sent out, and kept up a straggling fire until the battalions came up and formed in line along the railroads, firing volleys,

MONDAY, MARCH 23D.—SKETCHED BY HARRY A. OGDEN.

THE LAND DRILL AT KEY WEST.

IN a recent issue we gave illustrations of the naval maneuvers at Key West, showing more particularly the movements of the ships in action. We now give a sketch of the landing the small-boats, and of the men exercising on shore: the line of battle; the signal-boy wigwagging; and the rush for the water-cart.

Eighty-three small-boats were towed by the dispatch-boats *Pinta*, *Fortune* and *Mugford*, to the south of the island. After getting into position, they proceeded by divisions to the shore, the marines in the steam-launches on the extreme right

standing and kneeling. A line was then formed across the railroad, changing the line of battle, and volleys were fired, after which the men were allowed to rest and get water. Later in the day the divisions were reviewed by the Commander-in-Chief and the Admiral, and at three o'clock they embarked in the boats of their respective vessels. Thus ended the naval drill at Key West, which had been in progress the greater portion of three months.

GREAT FIRE AT INDIANAPOLIS.

THE most destructive fire that ever occurred at Indianapolis consumed several blocks in that city on Sunday night, March 22d. Sixteen stores, a hotel, many offices, business-houses, dwellings, etc., located on different streets, were entirely swept away, and the flames were not extinguished until the next day. The total loss was estimated at \$300,000. It was supposed to have been the work of an incendiary. We give a sketch of the burning.

FUN!

A GREEN grocer—One who trusts.

"SILENCE is silver, silence is golden." Hence the expression "hush money."

COTTON sheets and newspaper sheets are alike in the respect because a great many lie in them.

"SAMBO, why am de dogs de most intelligent folks in de world?" "Because dey nose eberything."

The Jenkins of a Western paper describes one of the belles of a recent party as a "graceful little toad."

An old lady advises young girls who want to remember a thing, to write it down and paste it on the looking-glass.

A man, in company, wanting his servant, called out, "Where's that blockhead of mine?" "On your shoulders, sir," said a lady.

In Berlin the distinguished visitor pays for beholding the performing fleas. At Florence hotels the spectacle is free to all patrons.

As soon as the Montreal policeman becomes efficient he resigns. The pay is \$8 a week for those who have been on the force a year, and \$7 for those less than a year.

A GEORGIA paper says that it won't be more than three months before the sad, lonely young men of the State can go out and hook melons, and feel anew the goodness of nature.

"FAREWELL, SUSAN—you have driven me to the grave," wrote John Larch, of Alabama, four years ago, as he left the note on the river-bank. He was arrested the other day in Cincinnati, living with another woman.

A QUARRELBONE couple were discussing the subjects of epitaphs and tombstones, and the husband said: "My dear, what kind of a stone do you suppose they will give me when I die?" "Brimstone, my love," was the affectionate reply.

THESE are young men who cannot hold a skein of yarn for their mothers without wincing, but will hold one hundred and twenty-five pounds of a neighboring family for the best part of a night, with a patience and docility that are certainly phenomenal.

"WELL, neighbor, what is the most Christian news this morning?" said a gentleman to a friend. "I have just bought a barrel of flour for a poor woman." "Just like you! Who is it you made happy with your charity this time?" "My wife."

A NEW idea with regard to weddings has been invented in Connecticut. A citizen of that State announces that his golden wedding will come off just thirty years from now, and offers a liberal discount on any presents his friends design then to make him.

KATE STANTON asserts that the planets revolve around the sun by the influence of love, as a child revolves about his parent. When the writer was a boy, he used to revolve round his parent a good deal, and may have been incited thereto by love, but to an unprejudiced observer it looked powerfully like a trunk strap.

THE FINEST SILKS IN THE WORLD.

NO ONE would have believed some few years ago that our fashionable ladies would have worn articles of domestic manufacture, and yet at the present moment the most beautiful and popular Silks are those proceeding from the looms and dyes of the Cheney Brothers. They are fully equal in texture, flexibility and weight to the very best from Antwerp, Lyons, or Spitalsfield, and it is only fair to predict that with the steady advance in science, our home manufactures will fully equal in every requirement the most exquisite fabrics of Europe. For durability the Silks of the Cheney Brothers are superior to all those of foreign make, and their last manufactures justify us in the belief that they will achieve that brilliant lustre which is so great a feature in the best manufactures of Lyons. The success of Cheney Brothers in reaching the finest shades of color is perfectly wonderful. We may instance their fine shades of the principal positive colors, and their blacks. Their indefinite and fashionable colors are also a remarkable success. In the drab and Quaker shades, the fashionable grays, the wood-colors, and the browns, as well as the long list of neutrals, Cheneys' American Silks are particularly handsome, combining the depth of a velvet with the lightness of the finest cashmere. We are not only glad, but proud, to record the success of the Cheney Brothers in a department of manufacture which public opinion had considered us pertaining to the more antique imports of France and England.

More hearts are captured by a fresh and brilliant complexion, than by the most symmetrical and classic face, if pallid or sallow. All women know this, and as LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOUTH develops the charm where it does exist naturally, every lady who does not possess it should use the "Bloom." Procurable from all druggists.

LET THE PEOPLE SPEAK.

MANHATTAN, KAN., April 8th, 1873.

R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.:
Dear Sir—Your Favorite Prescription has done my wife a world of good. She has taken nearly two bottles and has felt better the past two weeks than at any time in the past two years. No more periodical pains; none of that aching back or dragging sensation in her stomach she has been accustomed to for several years. I have so much confidence in it, that I would be perfectly willing to warrant to certain customers of ours who would be glad to get hold of relief at any expense. I have tried many Patent Medicines, but never had any occasion to extol one before.

Very truly yours,

GEO. B. WHITING.

Mrs. E. R. DALY, Metropolis, Ill., writes, January 9th, 1873:

"Dr. R. V. PIERCE—My sister is using the Favorite Prescription with great benefit."

MARY ANN FRISBIE, Lehman, Pa., writes, May 29th, 1873:

"Dr. R. V. PIERCE—What I have taken of your medicine has been of more benefit to me than all others and hundreds of doctor's bills."

The Traveler's Guide.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,

BROADWAY, N. Y.

Largest and finest in the world. Cost \$2,500,000.
\$3, \$3.50 and \$4 per day.

H. L. POWERS, Proprietor.

FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL,

FIFTH AVENUE, Twenty-third to Twenty-fourth Street,
Opposite Madison Avenue, New York.

Broadway crosses Fifth Avenue directly in front of the Hotel, making the locality the most pleasant and convenient in the city. The Hotel in warm weather is the coolest in New York. It is near all the principal theatres, Horse railroads and omnibus lines communicate with every part of the city.

THE WINDSOR.

Everything which the largest experience and unlimited expense can produce to add to the comfort of guests can be found embodied in the Windsor.

Forty-sixth St., FIFTH AVENUE and Forty-seventh St.
Board, \$5 per day.

HAWK & WETHERBEE, Proprietors.

HOTEL BRUNSWICK,

NEW YORK.

Embraces the entire block of Fifth Avenue overlooking Madison Square from Twenty-sixth to Twenty-seventh Street. The house is kept upon the European plan.

JAS. L. MITCHELL, } Proprietors.
FRANCIS KINZLER, }

WESTMINSTER HOTEL,

(European Plan),

SIXTEENTH STREET & IRVING PLACE, NEW YORK.

Home of Charles Dickens, Wilkie Collins, and other distinguished Literary and Diplomatic Celebrities.

963-1014 CHARLES B. FERRIN, Proprietor.

BREVOORT HOUSE,

FIFTH AVENUE, near WASHINGTON SQUARE,
NEW YORK.

The Brevoort is largely patronized by Europeans, being especially conducted for their comfort.

963-1014 CLARK & WAITE, Proprietors.

HOFFMAN HOUSE,

MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK.

European Plan.

Said by all travelers to be the best hotel in the world.

C. H. READ, Proprietor.

STURTEVANT HOUSE,

1,186 BROADWAY, cor. Twenty-ninth St., NEW YORK.

(American Plan.) Board, \$4 per day.

LEWIS and GEO. S. LELAND, Proprietors.

DRESSMAKING MADE EASY.

EVERY LADY HER OWN DRESSMAKER—

FRANK LESLIE'S CUT PAPER PATTERNS.

FOR our Pattern Department having secured the services of artists educated to the business, in Paris and Berlin, we are now prepared to furnish patterns of every garment worn; and, indeed, of almost everything upon which the needle or the sewing-machine is employed. Our patterns are cut upon scientific principles, and from the most careful measurement, are graded to suit all ages and sizes, from the tiny infant to the fully developed man and woman, and from a most reliable acquaintance with all varieties of the human figure. They are simplified so as to be readily comprehended by all; or, if complex, are rendered simple by notch fitted to notch, or eyelet-hole fitted to eyelet-hole, so that no one could make a mistake in joining the parts; or in plaiting, looping, gathering, or any of the minutiae of dress, cloak, shirt-making or tailoring. Having on hand the latest Spring styles, a full Catalogue has been published, with such instructions as may be needed; and we feel warranted in saying a perfect fit can be secured of every pattern included, if instructions are carefully carried out. A three-cent stamp inclosed to us will secure this valuable Catalogue. Address,

FRANK LESLIE'S
Cut Paper Pattern Department,
298 Broadway, N. Y.

SO HIGH a reputation has the Union Square Hotel gained for its matchless *cuisine*, that strangers and visitors to this metropolis actually travel miles to enjoy a meal at its table. The fame of Mr. Savory is spreading fast, and the best European judges pronounce him equal to Udo and Soyer. As we have tried the excellence of Messrs. Dan & Sanborn's repasts, we advise all who wish to know what a perfect breakfast, lunch, dinner or supper is, to try one of these meals, when they will acknowledge that the *cuisine* of the Union Square Hotel is not excelled by any establishment of the kind in the world. The perfect order, decorum, elegance and fastidious cleanliness have given to the *restaurant* department of Messrs. Dan & Sanborn a reputation which cannot fail to make the quiet of a home, with the conveniences of the most *par excellence*, the place for an epicure to feel the greatest satisfaction. In addition we may add that the charges are most reasonable. We trust our readers will test the truth of our commendation by giving the Union Square Hotel a trial. But the excellence of the *cuisine* is only one of the claims which Messrs. Dan & Sanborn have upon the community. They have the finest rooms in New York, admirably appointed. They have, in fact, trained domestics. The Union Square Hotel is also one of the most central spots in New York, being at an equal distance from all the leading places of public amusement, and in the very heart of fashionable shopping. The location is also one of the most eligible in the metropolis, not only for its healthfulness and pleasant position, but for its vivid prospect, as the *habitués* of the Union Square Hotel can from its windows see the completest panorama of American life ever presented. It is in this respect invaluable for foreign visitors, who are thus introduced into the very heart of American life.

E. & H. T. Anthony & Co., 591 Broadway,
N. Y., opposite Metropolitan Hotel. Chromes and Frames,
Stereoscopes and Views. Graphoscopes. Albums and
Celebrations. Photo-Lantern Slides, and Photographic
Materials. First Premium at Vienna.

No SEAM is more secure than that made by the "WILLOX & CO." Sewing Machine, if properly sewn; and it takes less experience and practice to enable you to sew properly on the "WILLOX & CO." Sewing Machine than any other.

\$68.71

THE ROYAL HAVANA LOTTERY.—It will be seen by the card of Mr. P. C. Devlin, stationer, (who is an agent of this lottery,) on the back page of this week's issue, that the grand extraordinary drawing of this lottery will take place April 23d. The capital prize is \$500,000, and as \$1,200,000 cash gifts, are to be distributed among 16,000 ticket holders, the chances of drawing a fortune by one in seven tickets are good. In the last extraordinary drawings of April 23d, 1873, and December 18th, 1873, the two \$500,000 prizes were sold, one in Philadelphia, the other in San Francisco, Cal.

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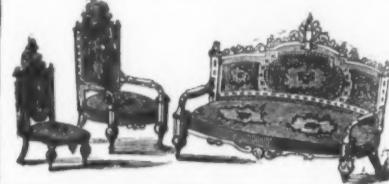
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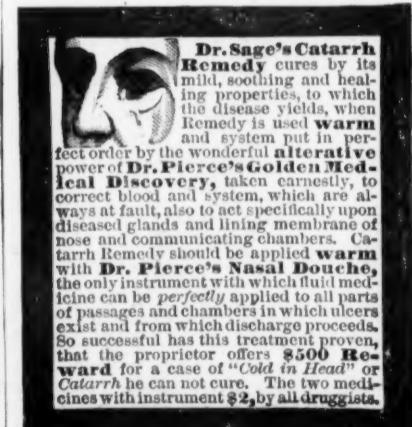
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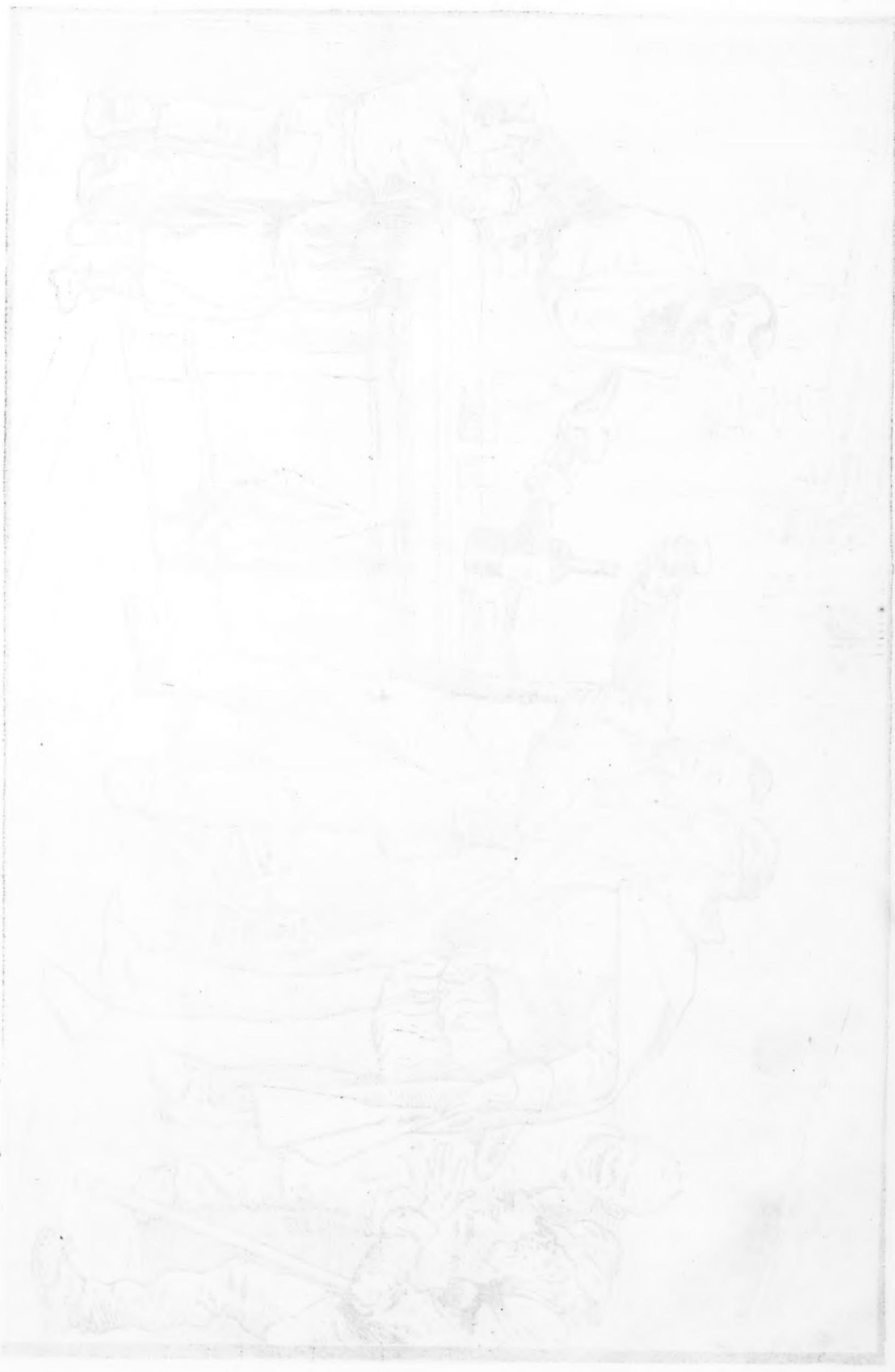
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